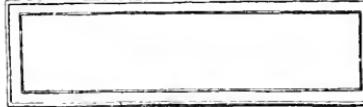




GIFT OF  
Ella Sterling Mighels





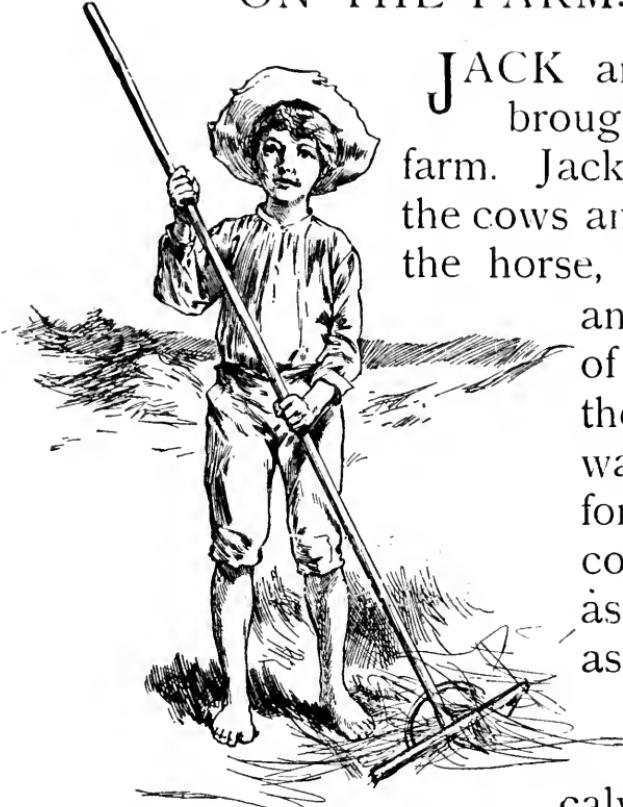
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THE  
JANMOTI  
STORY BOOK

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## ON THE FARM.



JACK and Jill were brought up on a farm. Jack took care of the cows and the sheep; the horse, and the ox; and spent most of his time at the barn. He was a tall lad for his age, and could do most as much work as a man. He fed the pigs and the calves, and was as kind as he could be to all dumb beasts.

Jill took care of the hens and chick-ens, and gave them food and drink three times each day. There were ducks and geese on the pond, but when Jill came in sight they made haste to the shore to eat the corn that she threw down to them.

Jack raked the hay, and drove the plough, and some-times Jill would ride the horse, or help Jack bind the straw or grain in-to sheaves. When they are through their out-door work, Jack and Jill put on clean clothes, and then when the lights are lit, they read, or sing, and fill the whole house with good cheer.

Some fine days Jack and Jill may be seen on the road with their fast horse, the Black Prince, which they both love to drive. How fast he goes! His feet scarce touch the ground! He seems as proud of Jack and Jill as they are of him, and tries to show off all his good points.



Jack and Jill think it fine fun to live on a farm, and they would not live in town for all the toy n is worth.

## MUD PIES.

THE rain fell for two days, and all out-doors was like a vast sea of mud. Fred could go out because he had a big pair of boots, but poor Kate had to stay in the house for fear she would stick fast in the mud. She did not like this at all, and it was hard work for her to keep still.

She would ask, "Do you think the rain will stop soon? Will the mud dry up? Where does the wet all go to?" and fret and fume so that there was no peace in the house.

At last the sun broke through the clouds, the stream that ran down the road was like a flood, and Kate put on her wraps and went out with Fred.

"Let us make mud pies," said Fred.

And they did; a long row of them. "I like mince best;" said Kate.

"So do I," said Fred. "Mine are mince."

"Some of mine are peach," said Kate "and plum."

"So are mine," said Fred.

Then the bell rang, and they went in to tea,

*Night and Day.*



but the mud pies were left out of doors all night. A stray dog came that way and took a walk through the bake-shop, with his nose close to the ground, and when he left those mud pies were a sight to be seen.

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## NIGHT AND DAY.

THE earth moves round and round the sun. It does not seem to us to do it, but there are signs that tell that this is true. Why do we not fall off? We are held by a force that keeps us in place.

When we face the sun it is Day. When

*Night and Day.*

we turn our backs on the sun it is Night.  
When the sun is right o-ver head it is Noon.

There is a time of the year when our part  
of the earth is far off from the sun, and then  
the days and nights are cold and we call it  
Win-ter. Then there comes a time when we  
draw near the sun, so that he seems to scorch  
us, and we call that time Sum-mer.

In some parts of the world there is snow  
and ice the whole year round; and in oth-er  
parts they do not know what it is to be cold.

God made the world, and He makes the  
earth bring forth food for man and beast.  
Man plants the seed, but God sends the sun  
and the rain to make them grow. He takes  
care of us, and gives us all we have, and our  
hearts should be full of love and praise to  
One who is so good and kind.

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PROVERBS.

Time and tide wait for no man  
All is not gold that glitters

## IN THE BARN.



LET us go out to the barn, and see the new horse. He is in the stall at one end of the barn, and holds his head up high and looks quite proud.

His coat is light brown, and he has a long mane and tail. I guess he can trot in fine style, and I hope some day to sit be-hind him and hold the reins. Then I shall not care if he goes as fast as a race-horse.

There is a large space at the top of the barn, which is filled with hay and straw. How sweet is the smell of new-mown hay! When the grass in the fields has grown up thick and high, it is then cut down and left to dry in the sun. If it gets wet, it will spoil, and will not be fit for the horse or the cows to eat. When the grass is cut and dried, we call it hay; and on large farms it is packed in great bales, and sent off to be sold.

Take care how you climb up to the mow. You may slip on the hay or straw and get a

*In the Barn.*

bad fall. The hens come in-to the barn to pick up the grains of wheat and rye, or the small seeds that fall from the blades of grass.

There, up in the hay-mow, is a nest with five eggs in it! What a find! Take care! If I should fall what a mess there would be. Let us make haste and take them to the cook, and she will beat them up and make a nice cake for us.



## THE BOAT.

GRACE has a fine boat, and it is all her own. It was a birth-day gift from her Aunt Rose, and she is proud of it I can tell you. She spends a great deal of time in it when the days are warm, and she can go out on the bay.

Can she sail the boat? Not yet; but she can steer, and there is a good deal in that. Jack can sail the boat in fine style, and is as proud as if he stood on the deck of a big ship. He says there is no boat on the bay that can beat the Sweet-heart, and I guess Jack is right.

One day these two set out for the beach. There was a stiff breeze, and the waves were high. There was a large fleet of boats out on the bay, and Grace could not turn her eyes from them. She did not steer right, and so the boat went bang up in-to the dock. This did not please Jack, for he knew the boys would jeer at him, and say he did not know how to sail a boat.

Grace took all the blame to her-self, for well

*On the Fence.*

she knew it was all her own fault. She found out that when you steer a boat you must give your mind to it, if you want to do your work well.

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## ON THE FENCE.



WHEN two cats are on the fence, face to face, there is sure to be a fight. They spit, and growl, and yell, and howl, and call on all the cats far and near to come up to the scratch.

Then they get their backs up, and the fur flies, and in a short time the two cats roll off the fence, and slip off as fast as they can to nurse their wounds. In the still night the noise of two or more cats on the fence is loud and harsh, and wakes us all out of a sound sleep.

## WASHING DISHES.

IF there is a thing that Ruth hates to do, it is to wash dish-es. She does not mind if she has to set the ta-ble, or run an er-rand, or do man-y oth-er un-pleas-ant things. But wash-ing dish-es! Dear me, that is the worst!

Well, we all know it is not nice; but then dish-es have to be washed, and some-bod-y has to wash them. It will not hurt Ruth to do such tasks now and then. Some day she may have a house of her own, and may want

to show some one else the best way to wash and wipe dish-es.

For there is quite an art a-bout it.

Oh, yes in-deed! The wa-ter must not be too hot—but just hot e-nough—



### *Washing Dishes.*

and not much soap must be used. Then the dish-es must be well drained, and wiped un-til they are dry, and put with care in the pla-ces where they be-long. Big plates in one pile. Small plates in an-oth-er. Sau-cers there. Cups here. Be care-ful how you han-dle them!

Rinse out the dish-pan, and wipe it dry. Wash out the dish-cloth. Hang up the dish-tow-el. There! Now ev-er-y-thing is neat and ti-dy, and Ruth can sit down and read if she wants to. How proud her moth-er must be of her clev-er lit-tle girl!

"A light heart makes light work," she says to Ruth. "It is bet-ter to be bu-sy than to be i-dle all the time; and fret-ting and frown-ing make hard tasks all the hard-er. A help-ful child is a great com-fort!" and the kiss Ruth gets makes her feel more than paid for wash-ing dish-es, or do-ing an-y oth-er hard task.

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### PROVERBS.

Practice what you preach.

The sun shines for all.

## ON THE BEACH.

CLARE was down at the beach and all her folks were with her, and she was glad each day when the nurse took her and Bess down to the bath house, and put on their blue suits for a dip in the sea.



Clare had been sick for a long time, and all her long curls were cut close to her head. Bess had just the same kind of a crop, and was just as tall as Clare. And be-side these

*Two Kinds of Dogs.*

there were Grace and Ruth, both of whom were too small to do as Clare and Bess did.

One day as these two ran back and forth on the hard white sand of the beach, and took in all they could of its salt air that was to make them well and strong, a lady said to the nurse, with a nod to Clare and Bess "Are these twins? And are all four boys?"

Clare did not wait for the nurse to speak, but gave her head a toss, and with her chin up in the air, and her eyes as bright as two black beads, said at once; "No we are not twins! and none of us are boys," which was thought to be a smart speech for a five year old.

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TWO KINDS OF DOGS.

"BRAG is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a bet-ter one," an old man used to say, and it took some folks a long time to find out what he meant. But it was made plain in this way.

Ben Drake had made his boast that he could

out-run all the boys in the place. He loved to brag of the great deeds he had done, but no one had seen him do great deeds, and it had been found out that most of the tales he told were not true.

Al Marsh kept a close mouth. He did not tell all he knew. He was a slim lad, and did not look half as smart as he was, and when Ben said he could lick Al Marsh, and beat him in a race, no one thought much of that boast. But Al said he would give Ben a chance to show off his skill, and told him with a drawl to make his will, and say good-bye to his friends.

The race took place, and Al was there and half way back be-fore Ben came up to the stake. And such a roar as the boys gave! Then Ben and Al had what the boys call a "scrap," and when Ben fell down on the ground and Al sat down on top of him, old Tom Driggs said with a grin, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better one." Do not boast of what you can do, but let your deeds praise you.

## A WALK THROUGH THE FIELDS.

COME, and let us take a walk.

Which way, dear,  
shall we go?

Down the lane  
to the woods  
and fields,  
Where the green  
things grow.

There the grass is  
smooth and  
sweet,

There the pine  
trees sigh;

Sigh and sing a  
sad sweet hymn,

As we pass them by.

See the sky how blue it is;

Smell the salt sea air;

All the birds are now in tune;

All the world seems fair.

Yet the night will soon be here,

Far we must not roam,

All the joys of life, my dear,

Can be found near home.



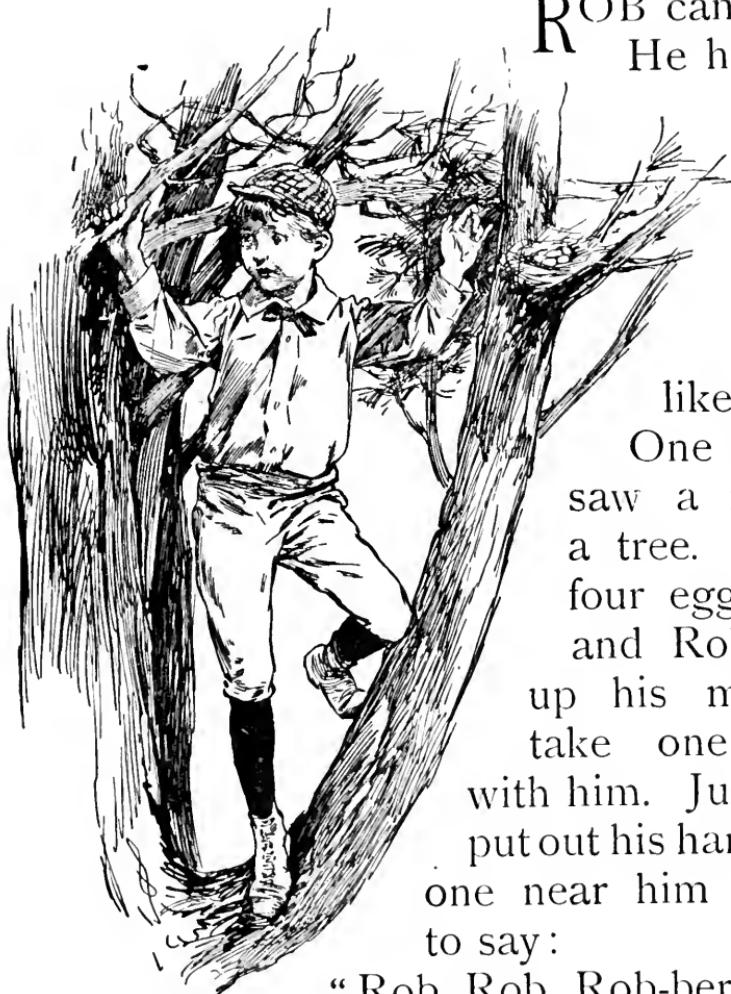
## ROB AND BERT.

ROB can climb.  
He has long  
slim legs,  
and can  
go up  
a tree  
like a cat.

One day he  
saw a nest in  
a tree. It had  
four eggs in it,  
and Rob made  
up his mind to  
take one home  
with him. Just as he  
put out his hand some  
one near him seemed  
to say:

“Rob, Rob, Rob-ber!  
Rob, Rob, Rob-ber!”

and Rob drew back his hand, and gave a



*A Great Piece of News.*

look a-round. But he saw no one. Then he put his hand out once more to take one of the eggs, and the same voice cried out:

“Rob, Rob, Rob-ber!”

and kept it up so long that Rob was scared. He knew it was wrong to steal, and he did not like to be called a thief. So he got down from the tree, and ran home, but could not get away from the voice that said:

“Rob, Rob, Rob-ber.”

He made up his mind to change his name and he begged the folks at home not to call him Rob any more, but to call him Bert. Which they did.

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## A GREAT PIECE OF NEWS.

“CLUCK, cluck, cluck!”

“What luck? what luck?

What is the news; I pray?

Do make less fuss,

And tell to us

What's taken place to-day.”

*In The Pig-Pen.*

“ You haven’t heard ?  
Upon my word !  
I’m mad as any hen,  
To think I’ve won  
For what I’ve done  
So little praise from men.”

“ It is a shame  
That such is fame,  
But tell the news, I beg.”

“ Cluck, cluck, cluck !  
Why, bless my luck !  
I’ve just now laid an egg !”

---

IN THE PIG-PEN.

FRANK and Lu went out to the pig-pen to count the pigs. There were two old ones and six young ones, and the small pigs were as white and clean as they could be. There was a great pile of sea-weed near the pen, as that is the kind of bed the pigs like to sleep on. Lu did not care to go too near the pig-pen lest she should spoil her nice clean dress, but Frank, who did not mind dirt,

*In the Pig-Pen.*

thought he would climb up on the sea-weed  
to have a bet-ter view of the pigs.



All at once his foot slipped and plump into the pig-pen went the small boy, and his nice new clothes were a sight to be seen. More

### *The Dream a Child Had.*

scared than hurt, he made his way out; and ran home to take a bath, and to put on a clean suit.

How his moth-er did laugh at him and tease him! For a long time he was known in the house as “Pig-gy wig-gy,” and he did not like the name at all. Now when he goes out on the farm you may be sure that he steers clear of the pig-pen.

---

## THE DREAM A CHILD HAD.

THERE was once a small child who had such a grand dream that she dreamt it twice, and wished she could dream it all the time. She thought she was a queen, with a dress of cloth of gold and a crown on her head that shone as bright as the stars. She sat on a throne, and slaves came and knelt at her feet. Men came from far and near with rich gifts, and all paid court to her as they do to real queens.

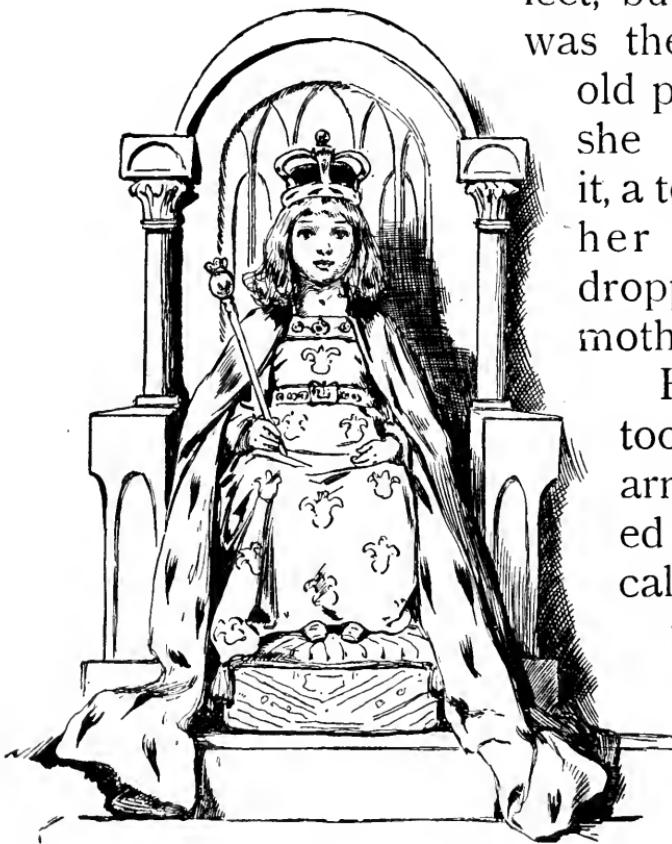
The child felt that it was a great thing to be a queen, and could scarce keep back the

*The Dream a Child Had.*

tears when she woke up and found it was not true. She was cross when her clothes were put on her, for her dress had no train, and there was no crown of bright gems on her head.

There was no throne, and no slaves at her feet, but her home was the same dull old place, and as she thought of it, a tear fell from her eyes and dropped on her moth-er's hand.

Her moth-er took her in her arms and kissed her, and called her pet names, and asked her why she wept. And the



*The Dream a Child Had.*

child told her dream, and her wish to be a queen. The moth-er smiled, and said, "My child, I would not have you a queen for all the world! I could not hug and kiss you like this if you were a queen. We who love you are your slaves. Your throne is in our hearts. There is no crown so fair to see as the bright gold of your hair. Your smile is worth more to us than gems of great cost.

"Be a queen in your dreams, but when you wake up, be my own dear, sweet child. Care more to please God than to please men, and do not wish for what He does not see fit to give you."

The child threw her arms a-round her moth-er's neck, and said, "I love you more than tongue can tell, and I would not be a real queen for all the world."

---

BE good and kind, dear child, the whole day long!  
Do what is right, though all the world goes wrong.

## A BIT OF LACE.

THE spring time of the year is at hand, and the birds have set out to make their nests. Let us watch these two. How hard at work they seem! They dart here and there, and pick up the dry twigs, which they fly off with to the place where the nest is to be built. These they work into shape with their bills and claws.

When this is done, the nests are to be made soft in-side, so that the hen-bird will be warm, and the eggs too, on which she is to sit for days and days.

Off goes one bird for a bit of thread that lies on the ground. As he flies up with it in his bill, it streams out like the tail of a kite. Now one of the birds has made a great find! What can it be? Why, a piece of lace! See him tug at it. At last he has it in his bill, and tries hard to bear off the prize. Such a nice bed-spread as it will make! It weighs more than he thought it did, and he has to go slow.

Then, just as he nears the nest, the bit of

*The Air-Line Steed.*

lace drops from his bill, a bird on the watch gives a snatch at it, and at last one who is strong in the bill, and strong in the wing, steals the lace and flies off with it to line his own nest. And the rest all scold as hard as they can.

---

THE AIR-LINE STEED.

O H, if a horse I could but stride,  
And speed him on the track,  
A-way, yes, far a-way, I'd ride,  
Nor hur-ry to come back.  
I fain would go through  
France and Spain,  
And he should trot  
and prance,  
And bring me down the  
road a-gain,  
That leads through Spain  
and France.  
And he of oats should have  
his fill,  
And have his fill of hay,



*The Rail-Road.*

And fol-low out his own sweet will,  
    And none should say him nay.  
Now up the road and down the lane,  
    The fields we'd dart a-cross,  
And to out-speed us were in vain,  
    If I had but a horse!

---

## THE RAIL-ROAD.

HAVE you been in the rail-cars? How far did you go? When you looked out and saw the trees whirl a-round, and the rocks, and rails, and streams, and church spires, mix them-selves up in a strange sort of way, did it not seem as if they were go-ing on the road, while you stood still?

How much we can learn if we make a good use of our eyes. At times the rear end of the car comes in-to view, and that is be-cause of a curve in the road. Soon we cross a bridge. How long it is! It must have ta-ken years to build it, and great skill to plan it out. There is a name for each style of

*The Dog-House.*

bridge, and it will be worth your while to find out the names of those you cross on your next trip.

The length of the bridge is called its span, and those long wires that stretch out to right and left are the guys that help to keep the bridge firm in its place.

The first rail-road in A-mer-i-ca was built in the year 1830, since when the whole land has been made, as it were, a net-work of rails, o-ver which the cars go at a high rate of speed.

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## THE DOG-HOUSE.



"WE must have a dog-house," said Tom Green. "That dog barks all night long, which he would not do, if he had a nice house to sleep in."

Now Tom Green did not like dogs, but he had to have one to guard his house at night from thieves and tramps. He called all dogs

### *The Dog-House.*

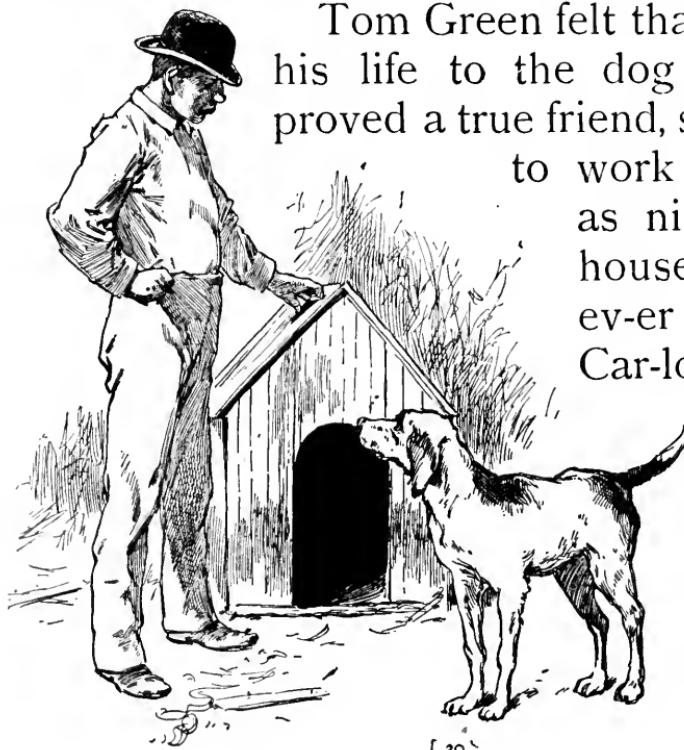
beasts and would kick them or strike them with his cane if they came in his way.

Tom Green did not like to work, but he got the boards and the nails, and meant to make the dog-house some fine day.

Late one night Tom was on his way home, with the dog at his heels, when he fell in-to a ditch, and would have died there, if good old Car-lo had not barked and howled for help.

Tom Green felt that he owed his life to the dog who had proved a true friend, so he went

to work and built as nice a dog-house as you ev-er saw. And Car-lo was as proud as if he had ta-ken a prize at the Dog-Show.



## MAY AND HER MAID.

ALL her life May Bell had had a maid to wait up-on her, and she had yet to learn how to wait on her-self. The maid put on her shoes, her dress and skirts, had to fix her



hair at least twice a day, and to be at her beck and call all the time.

It was no small task to be May Bell's maid, for she kept one on the trot from morn till

*May and Her Maid.*

night, and did not seem to think that the poor girl was made out of flesh and blood, or had a thing else to do but wait on her.

But one day the nurse maid fell and broke her arm, and could not do the least thing for May Bell, much as she might want to. She was in great pain the most of the time, and had to lie in bed, and keep quite still.

This brought out the good that was in the heart of May Bell, and taught her to wait on her-self. It came hard at first, as she was not used to it; but as none of us know what we can do till we try, she soon found that she could take care of her-self, and did not need a maid half as much as she thought she did.

May was kind and good to the sick girl, and took



*The Ball Match.*

up to her the nice broths that the cook made ; and when the poor girl said to May, with tears in her eyes, " Bless your kind heart ! I knew it was in you !" it would be hard to tell how proud May felt. From that time she made up her mind to think less of her-self, and to care more for oth-ers, and to make a good use of both hands and feet.

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THE BALL MATCH.

THE hour has come when we can play,  
Come, school-mates, one and all,  
Come out of doors, and haste a-way  
To play a game of ball.  
Get out your bats, put on your caps,  
Your right-ful pla-ces claim  
Upon the field, lest other chaps  
Come in and spoil the game.  
As if they had no time to spare,  
The boys all run a race,  
But Tom and Jake are soon-est there  
As first and sec-ond base.

*The Ball Match.*

And there is Jake, so tall and slim,  
    His head is far a-top  
Of all the rest, how odd for him  
    To stand there as Short-stop !  
They run, they shout, they bat the ball,  
    And then they give a leap,  
A whoop, a yell, and one and all  
    Are down and in a heap.  
They rise, and then the pitch-er strong  
    At once the ball must serve,  
'Tis fine to see it move a-long  
    In such a grace-ful curve.  
Then one whose feet are plant-ed wide  
    Is prompt the prize to catch,  
And now the judge must say which side,  
    Has won the Base-ball match.  
While yet they rest, and count the score,  
    Hark ! Hark the school-bell sound !  
“Come, leave your play !” it seems to say  
    And, from the base-ball ground,  
The boys all speed, the call they heed,  
    They run with might and main,  
Their play they've had, and now are glad  
    To take their books a-gain.

## MAY AND HER DOLLS.

### THE DOLLS.



MAY is fond of dolls. She does not care for toys, but will play for hours at a time with the dolls she loves so well. When she had ten, it was thought she had all and more than she could well take care of; but when some one asked May what she would like them to give her, she said "More dolls."

Most of the dolls were girls, and it took May a long while to dress them and to change their clothes. She had nice neat ways, and would take off their clothes at night, fold them up, and put them on a chair. Then she put on the dolls their nice clean night gowns, and put those to bed who had a bed to go to.

It was a small bed, and held but few dolls—

*May and Her Dolls.*

three big ones and two small ones—and the rest had to sleep on the lounge. But the next night those who slept on the lounge were



put in-to bed and so they took turns, and had no fault to find.

Now Rags was the dog. He had a rough coat, and looked much like a door-mat on

four legs. Rags did not care for dolls, and thought that May spent too much of her time with them. Some-times Rags would take hold of the dolls and shake them as hard as he could, and, of course, this put May in a great rage.

Rags did not mean to be bad. He thought it was play. But May could not bear to have him treat her dolls in such a way, for she thought as much of them as if they were a-live. I think that was why Rags did not like the dolls. Dogs are queer.

#### THE LOST DOLL.

One day, when May was out, Rags went in-to the room where the dolls were, and took one of them in his mouth and ran out of doors with it. He shook it as he went a-long, and it would have made your heart ache to see its fine clothes drag in the mud and dust.

Soon he came to a tree that was bent down so that he could run up the trunk; and here in a high place he laid down the doll and shook him-self in high glee.

*May and Her Dolls.*

Just then he heard a sweet voice call out "Rags! Rags! Rags!" and he flew so fast that he fell o-ver him-self more than once, and the hair blew out of his eyes, and his ears stood out, and his tail wagged for joy.

May had missed her doll and was on her way to find it, for she was sure that Rags knew where it was. But if he did, he would not tell, but went on with a hop, skip, and jump as fast as he could tear, and he did not stop at the tree where the doll was. Not he. But he ran right by it.

May kept her eyes on the ground for some time, and looked first at the right side and then at the left, and in-to all the holes in the ground, where there were signs that fresh earth had been dug up.

FOUND AT LAST.

All at once she raised her eyes, and there, up in a tree, she caught sight of her lost doll. There it hung with its feet in the air, and May was sure it would have rush of blood to the head.

*May and Her Dolls*

May gave a loud scream, and wept real tears. Then she cried out, "O my dear doll! She will break her neck! What shall I do?" and wrung her hands in great grief.

Rags felt for her, and drew near to lick her face and hands. But May gave him a hard push, and, said, "Go a-way from me. I do not like you at all, you bad, bad dog."

It seemed as if Rags knew what she said, for he gave a long-drawn whine, rubbed his eyes with his paws, and crept close to May, as if to say, "You may wipe up the floor with me if you choose. That is all I am good for."

May had to laugh, and that broke the spell, and a pat on his back made Rags all right, and he went up the tree with a dash, and came down with the doll in his mouth.

From that time,  
Rags and the dolls  
were good  
friends; and it  
would make you



*When There is Snow on the Ground.*

smile to see him sit up with one of the small dolls in his arms. Rags is a first rate nurse, and if you should try to steal one of May's dolls, Rags would chase you, and bark with all his might.

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## WHEN THERE IS SNOW ON THE GROUND.

WHAT fun the young folks have when there is snow on the ground! For weeks and weeks Carl, and Fred, and Kate, and Bess, and a lot more, had been on the look out for Jack Frost, and when he came they were wild with glee. And still it did not snow. It was hard for them to wait, and watch the clouds from day to day, but it did them good. We en-joy the good things all the more when we have to wait a-while for them.

At last the snow fell, and the young folks in our town set up a great shout, and danced round and round, and tossed up their arms in

*When There is Snow on the Ground.*

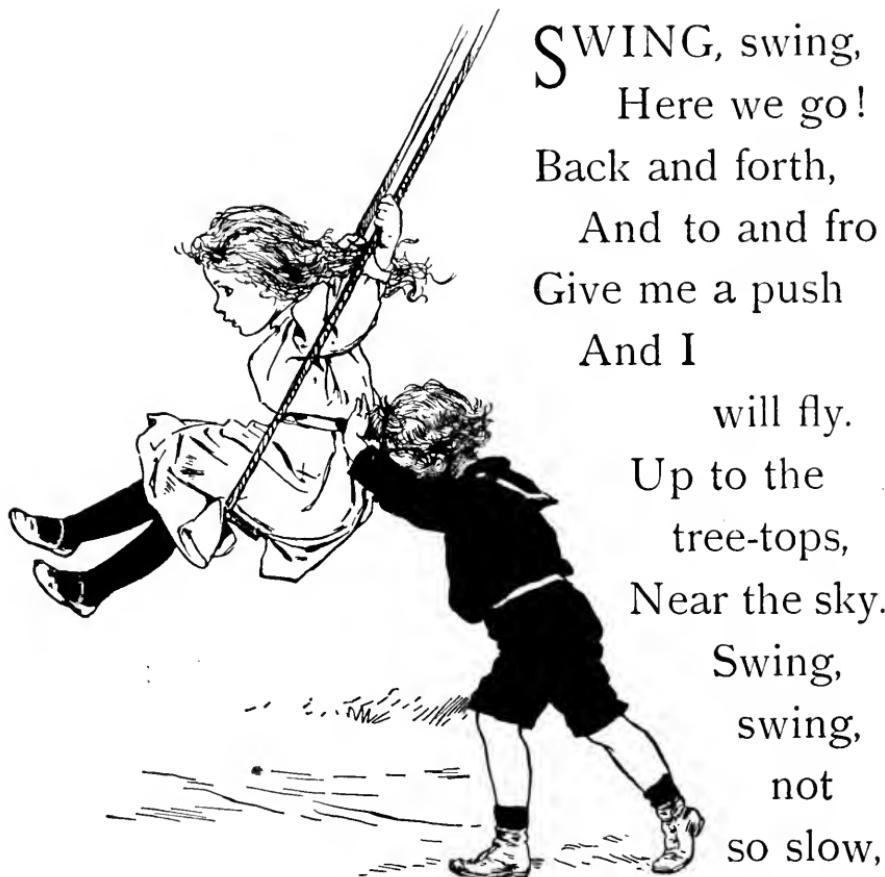
the air, and now and then gave loud yells like the red men of the woods.

As soon as the snow lay white on the ground, they brought out their sleds ; and the fun set in, and boys and girls had a grand good time.



Their eyes were bright, their cheeks were red, and their no-ses too. Now and then one of them had a hard fall, but no one was hurt, and the sport was kept up till long af-ter dark. The more fun they had, the more noise they made, and laughs and shouts rang out like a chime of bells on the clear crisp air.

## IN THE SWING.



SWING, swing,  
Here we go!  
Back and forth,  
And to and fro  
Give me a push  
And I  
will fly.  
Up to the  
tree-tops,  
Near the sky.  
Swing,  
swing,  
not  
so slow,

Pull a-way and let me go;  
If this rock-a-bye you keep  
I shall soon be fast a-sleep.

## AN OLD PAIR OF SKATES.

### ON THE ICE.

THE ice was thick on the pond, and Rob, James, and Jed set out from their homes, each boy with a brand new pair of skates in his hand. On their way they met Ralph Drake, who was a poor boy, and had an old worn out pair of skates that were quite out of style.

The three well-dressed boys made fun of Ralph, and said as they went by, " You will have to make haste, if you want to win the race with those old skates!"

Ralph did not mind their chaff, but went on with a nod and a smile, as much as to say, " We will see who wins the race. Your new style of skates look well, but when it comes to speed, mine will beat them, I am sure of that."

### IN THE HOLE.

There was a great crowd on the ice that day, and the rush of the swift steel was heard far and near. Then some one would slip and fall, and shouts and laughs went up as if that

*An Old Pair of Skates.*

was part of the fun. Some went down quite hard, and though much hurt did not seem to mind it. They would feel it more the next day. And then how their bones would ache!

Rob, James, and Jed, had good luck, and fine sport with their new skates. The three boys were so proud that they put on airs and tried to show off. Ralph had his eye on them, and knew they would come to grief in a short time. He had just sat down to take off his skates, when a great crack was heard, and a cry that brought him at once to his feet.

There was a great hole in the ice, from which the crowd sped in wild haste to reach the shore. Where were the three boys—Rob, James, and Jed? Ralph could not see them, and his heart shook with fear and dread. They were all safe but Rob, who had gone down through the wide crack, and was like to drown, for no one dared to go out to save him.

Ralph did not stop to take breath but flew like the wind to the hole where Rob fought for his life. When near the hole he threw him-self flat on the ice, stretched out his arm,

*An Old Pair of Skates.*



seized Rob by the coat and held on with a tight grasp. The rest of the boys, when they saw how brave Ralph was, were moved to help him. They were all fond of Rob, and would do all they could to save his life.

The boys, and the few men who were there, threw them-selves flat on the ice, as Ralph had done, and the first to reach him took hold of both his legs, and the next boy did the same to the boy a-head of him. In this way a long line was formed and a strong pull brought Rob out of the hole in the ice; and he was soon safe, and on dry land.

AND OUT OF IT.

The chill he took kept Rob in bed for some time, and when he could sit up there was no

*A False Face.*

or up. She did not see Fred at first, for her eyes were on the doll she held on one arm, but when she caught sight of him she gave a loud scream, and fell head-long down the flight of stairs.

Fred tore off the false face, and ran to pick up Nell, who was more scared than hurt, and cried, and cried, and cried, "My doll! my doll! my doll!"

The doll was a wreck, and as Fred had to buy Nell a new one, and pay a big price for it too, he made up his mind that the fun he had had with the mask cost him far more than it was worth. A true friend will not wear a false face. It is dear kind of fun to play mean kind of tricks.

J. B.  
J. B.

—  
J. B.

! J.

PROVERBS.

"East or west, home is best."

"New brooms sweep clean."

"Who sows ill, reaps ill."

## HOW NAN KEPT HOUSE.

NAN lived with her aunt, and her aunt went out to spend the day and left Nan to keep house. The cook was down stairs, of course, but Nan was to stay up-stairs, and wait on the door, and see all those who called. The small child felt quite large.

At first she took up her book and began to read, but she soon tired of that. Then she thought she would clear up the rooms, so she put on a long a-pron, tied up her curls in a sort of mob-cap, and went to work.

The broom was much too big for her, but she swept a-way as well as she could and raised quite a dust. She did not put a thing out of the rooms, and so the fine chairs, and



## *How Nan Kept House.*



the va-ses, and books had a thick coat of dust on them.

Tray, the dog, tried to help her all he could, but he did not help in the right way.

When Nan shook the dust cloth Tray would jump for it, and seize one end, and pull at it with all his might.

Some-times Nan would let him have the dust cloth, just

to see what he would do, and he would roll him-self up in it, and bite and tear it, and growl like a wild beast. It would have scared you to hear him, but it did not scare Nan the least bit. She knew it was all in play.

Then she would say in a stern voice, "Bring that rag to me, sir!" and Tray would take it in his mouth and bring it up to where she

### *How Nan Kept House.*

was, and wag his head and his tail, and scratch his foot on the floor, and seem to think he had done a great feat.

Nan was quite pleased with the way the room looked, and so she thought she would sweep and dust the stairs. She took the whisk broom first, and got a-long first-rate with that. Then she took the hair brush and swept down the wood work and took all the dust up in the dust pan, and threw it in the coal hod. All the while Tray kept close to her heels, and when she took the cloth to dust off the hand rail, he ran up and down the stairs with such barks and jumps,



*A Great Scare.*

and gave such tugs at the dust cloth, that Nan had hard work to keep hold of it.

Once he got it a-way from her, and such a chase as the two had up and down stairs! And when Aunt Wells came home, she found Nan and her dog Tray fast a-sleep on the rug, with the dust cloth be-tween them.



---

A GREAT SCARE,

THE dog be-gan to bark,  
The cat be-gan to mew,  
The roost-er, in the dark,  
Cried Cock-a-doo-dle-do!

*A Great Scare.*

The pigs be-gan to squeal,  
    And like a lit-tle nin-ny  
A lamb be-gan to bleat,  
    And then the horse must whin-ny.  
The ducks be-gan to quack,  
    And the geese be-gan to chat-ter,  
The owl be-gan to hoot  
    And in-quire "What is the mat-ter?"  
The cow be-gan to moo  
    And the old lame nag to hob-ble,  
And ev-e-ry tur-key on the place  
    Cried "Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble!"  
The dog kept up its bark,  
    And the cat kept up its mew-ing,  
The roost-er would not stop  
    Its Cock-a-doo-dle-do-ing.  
But for an hour or more  
    Kept up a live-ly clat-ter,  
While all the crows cried out,  
    "What—is—the—mat-ter?"  
No one seemed to know  
    What the fuss was all a-bout,  
It was like the cry of "fire!"  
    When the fire is all put out.

*The Growth of a Seed.*

And all the fowls and folks  
That were liv-ing on the farm,  
Made up their minds that this great scare  
Was just a false a-larm.

---

THE GROWTH OF A SEED.

HOW strange it is that  
this black seed, if put  
in the ground, will  
grow up and put  
forth leaves, and in  
time, if it lives, be  
full of bloom.  
How does it  
grow down  
there in the  
dark?

God takes  
care of the  
seed, and it



*The Growth of a Seed.*

is fed with food that grows in the earth. The shell of the seed cracks, and white roots strike deep down in the earth. Then, as the warm days come, a shoot pokes its way up through the soil, and grows as fast as if it meant to be a bush or a tree at the end of a week.

It may try, but it can-not be a bush or a tree. It will have to be a vine, so if you do not wish it to run on the ground, you must put a stick in the earth quite near it, and let the vine twine it-self a-round that. Or you may tack strings to the fence for the vine to climb up on, and it will make a fine show, I can tell you.

Plants will not grow well in poor soil. The books you read help you to grow. Read no books but good books! Learn all you can, and put what you know to a good use. Each thought in your brain is a seed-thought, and you must do your best to make it grow right and bring forth good fruit.

## GEORGE AND THE RAB-BITS.



THE skies are bright and blue  
to-day,  
The birds sing loud and clear,  
And I would like to  
go and play  
With-in the woods  
so near.

There I would climb the trees so high,  
And swing up-on the bough,  
Or chase the rab-bits swift and shy ;  
I wish I had one now.

But I should have to tame it then,  
And rob it of its joy,  
And keep it shut up in a pen  
To please a fool-ish boy.

So I will not go near the woods,  
But close by home will stay,  
And, rab-bits, you and all your broods  
Are safe from me to-day..

## A POOR BOY, AND A RICH BOY.

### THE POOR BOY.

NED was a poor boy. It was not his fault. It was some-thing he could not help. If he had been rich he might have spent all his wealth in a short time, for he was fond of fine clothes, and of all the nice things that gold can buy. He used to think what he would do if he were rich, and what he would buy for this one and that one ; and in a short time he found that he had spent all he had, and was as poor as a church mouse once more. For though his purse was small, his heart was large, and it was said of him by those who knew him best that he would give a-way the last cent he had in the world.

It seemed to this boy as if there was a voice in his heart that said,

“ Give while you live,  
For you live not long ; ”

and it rang through his ears like a strange weird song :

“ Give while you live,  
For you live not long.”

*A Poor Boy, and a Rich Boy.*

But how could he give, you say, when he had no wealth at all, and was what one might call a real poor boy; and it would have made you laugh to see how hard he tried to make up for what he did not have. I said it would have made you laugh, but it might have made you cry, as it did some old folks I know of.

Ned wore poor clothes, but he kept his face and hands clean, and his tongue too. For he said no bad words, and made up his mind when quite a small child that he would be a boy with nice ways, and thus he had hosts of friends. He was fond of games, and when out of doors would play with all his might, and make fun for the rest of the boys as well as for him-self.

He did not think it right for boys to tease the girls, or to play mean tricks on them, and was quick to frown at such sport as that. But he could play ball with the best of them, and was on hand for all the sports that would help make the lads grow up to be brave strong men,

Now and then Ned had a chance to earn

*A Poor Boy, and a Rich Boy.*

a dime, which he did not spend at once, as some boys would have done. Not he. A poor boy of the right kind finds out that he must save, and not waste, and though sometimes his sweet-tooth would ache real hard, Ned would not give in-to it.

When at home, Ned tried to help all that he could. He would play for hours with Tom and Jack, who were three and five years old, and they thought that Ned, in spite of his well-worn clothes was a grand young prince, they loved him so, and were so proud of him. And Ned gave them the best of care all the time.



THE POOR BOY.

*A Poor Boy, and a Rich Boy.*

THE RICH BOY.

In the next street to Ned lives a boy named Claude. It is a fine name, and the boy who owns it wears rich clothes, and lives in a fine large house. He has a horse to ride; and more toys than he knows what to do with. All that he needs, and more too, is bought for him by those who have the care of this rich boy, and wish to please him.

But that is a hard thing to do. At least he does not look pleased. Though he has a large purse, he has a small heart; that is, he does not care to do one thing that will give joy to those a-round him. A voice with-in him says, "Keep all you have got, And get all you can," and so he goes on from day to day, and adds not to his list of



THE RICH BOY.

*The Use of Tools.*

friends. He does not seem to know how to make folks love him. All his thoughts are of him-self, and that is why Claude has so few friends to speak a word in his praise. Now which of these two do you think is, in truth, the poor boy ?

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## THE USE OF TOOLS.

FRED loves to drive nails, and he can strike quite hard, I can tell you. At first he hit his thumb, and it made him cry, but it was a good thing for him to hit his thumb now and then, for in that way he learned how to keep his thumb out of the way. He felt that he was 'most a man when he could take sure aim, and hit the nail on the head, first, last, and all the time. It is in this way we train both the eye and the hand.

It is a good thing for boys to know how to use tools, and a chest of tools ought to be in each house. Girls can learn how to use tools as well as boys, and some of them show great skill, if they have a taste for such work.

*The Use of Tools.*

Fan thinks it fine fun to shove the jack-plane, to run the lathe, to screw up the vise, and to use the awl, and the gim-let. She says she means to have a tool-chest of her



own when she is grown up, and if she wants a nail or a tack she will know where to find it. It is a good thing to learn the use of tools when we are young.

## THE NEW CART.

NED has a new cart. It is bright red, and the wheels make a nice track in the road. Ned plays he is a horse, and will stand and kick, and shake his head, and do all the tricks he has seen a horse do. Sometimes he runs at break-neck speed, and will call out Whoa! Whoa! to him-self, and when he stops he is all out of breath. The wheels look tired too.

One day Ned was sent to the store to buy some eggs, and he took his cart with him to bring the eggs home. He did not run then, but came back on a jog trot, just as if he had been an old, old horse with no go in him. It was hard for Ned to hold in, and to go slow, but he was glad when he got home with the eggs, and found that not one of them was bro-ken.

Ned was much praised for this, and it made him feel quite proud. He likes to be of use, for he knows it is not good for boys to play all the time.

## A BIRTH-DAY TREAT.



WHO HAD IT.

AMY Clark's birth-day was near at hand, but not much was said a-bout it, as her folks wished to give her a sur-prise. They tried to make each birth-day stand out by it-self, so that each year would be marked in some way, and she could look back and say, "When I was eight years old we did so-and-so," and "When nine and ten years old we had such a kind of time."

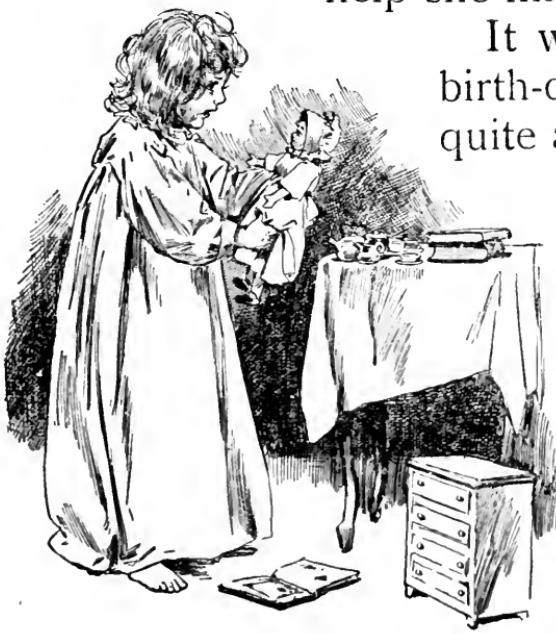
Now it takes a great deal of thought to plan out a birth-day, and Mrs. Clark set her wits to work some weeks a-head of the time. What new thing should she get up? What

*A Birth-Day Treat.*

could she do to make her own dear little girl ver-y hap-py in-deed? She thought, and thought, and thought all day; and went to bed with a head-ache to dream, and dream, and dream all night that she was in a queer place, and could not get out.

At last light came, and she saw more clearly, and told Aunt Ann, Aunt Rose, and Aunt Bess what she had in mind, and they all said they would be on hand to give her all the help she might need.

It was A-my's sixth birth-day, and she was quite a big girl for her age. As soon as she got up in the morn-ing she found new books and toys by her bed-side, and it took her so long to look at them that she was late to



*A Birth-Day Treat.*

break-fast. But no one cared to scold her as it was her birth-day.

When it was near five o'clock Mrs. Clark put a white dress on A-my, and tied a pink sash a-round her waist. There were pink bows, too, on the sleeves, and a pink bow on her hair, and the dear child looked sweet e-nough to kiss, and nice e-nough to eat.

WHAT THEY DID.

Soon the front-door bell be-gan to ring, and boys and girls, nine in all, came in, each bringing a gift to the six-year-old play-mate, who sat on a chair, with wide eyes and mouth, and could not speak one word. A small boy came in with a rush, and with a nice bunch of flow-ers in his hand, and made his way up to A-my, and said, with a low bow, "Here, Miss A-my, here's some-fing for your worf-day!" This made the folks laugh, but Fred did not care. He was five years old and could not speak plain-ly, but he did not think they were laugh-ing at him, for he had done just as he was told.

*A Birth-Day Treat.*



"HERE'S SOME-FING FOR YOUR WORF-DAY, MISS AMY."

First they had games, such as "Book-bind-er," and "Clap in, and clap out," by which time they all be-gan to feel at their ease. Then they sat down to a ta-ble spread with all sorts of good things to eat, and small cups and sau-cers, and plates that A-my's ma-ma used to play with when she was a child. Dear me! what a treat that was! A-my poured the tea, and her hand shook so that she spilled the milk and su-gar, and grew red in the face.

*A Birth-Day Treat.*

But no one said a word a-bout it, as that would not have been po-lite.

There was bread, and tongue, and ham, and cakes, and to top off with, a large form of ice-cream. And A-my had a great slice of pink ice-cream, of which she was so fond! Aft-er the feast the young folks went back to the par-lor, and there be-tween the doors that shut off the two rooms was hung a good sized pa-per bag, which they were told to strike with a wand, when their eyes were blind-fold-ed.



It was a sort of Blind-man's-Buff, and each of the boys and girls thought it would be a small task to hit the bag. But they tried hard more than once, and did not touch it; and one or two sat down, and said they did not care for what was in it. At last one of the boys hit the bag a good whack, so that it broke, and out fell can-dies

*A Trick Cat.*

of all sorts, and boys and girls went down on their knees—and some of them flat on the floor—to hunt for the tooth-some sweets. Such a noise as there was! Such shouts! Such screams! drowned some-what by the gay tunes—the old-time jigs and reels—that Aunt Bess played as well as she could, with such a set of romps a-round her.

At eight o'clock the young folks went home; and A-my, as she made her way to bed, said her sixth birth-day was the ni-cest she had ev-er had.

---

## A TRICK CAT.

JUNE had a pet cat that was as full of tricks as a clown. It was gray and white, and there was a dark gray smudge on its white nose, that gave it a queer kind of look.

Trix was a sly puss, and would watch for June to come in the room so that he could spring at her, and scare her. He knew how to play "Peek-a-boo" and "Hide-and-Seek" as

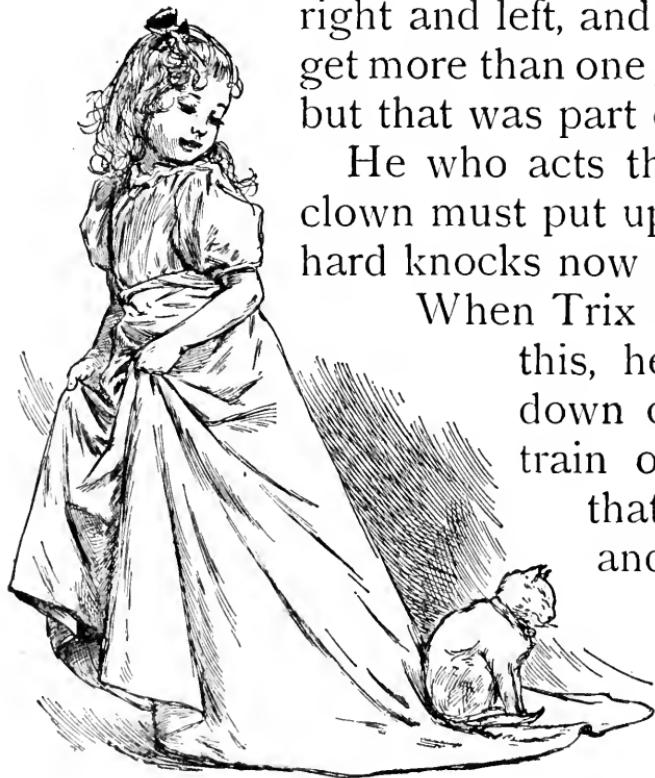
*A Trick Cat.*

well as June did her-self, and it was fun to watch the two at these games.

Some-times June would put on a long skirt that would drag on the floor be-hind, and when she swept her train a-round the room Trix would chase her, and seize hold of the end of it, and roll on his back, and seem to think it was fine fun. June would swing to right and left, and Trix would get more than one good bump, but that was part of the play.

He who acts the part of a clown must put up with some hard knocks now and then.

When Trix was tired of this, he would sit down on the long train of the dress that June wore, and ride round the room as grand as you please. But what



*A Trick Cat.*

Trix liked best was to have June make a tent with two chairs and a shawl spread o-ver them.

As soon as he saw the chairs brought out, he knew what they meant, and would purr and purr and talk as well as he could, and tell her to make haste. She did not work half as fast as she ought to. So Trix thought. He did not wait till the bed was made up on the chairs, but sprang in as soon as June raised the side of the shawl that was the door of the tent.

And there in the dark Trix would sleep for hours, and dream of rats and mice; and he had such good care that he lived to a good old age.

---

PROVERBS.

What has not been, may be  
Pride must have a fall  
To do, one must be doing  
No rose without a thorn

## THE WATCH DOG.

BOW-wow-wow !

B It's the great watch-dog,  
I know by his hon-est bark ;  
Bow-wow-wow !  
Says the great watch-dog,  
When he hears a foot in the dark.

Not a breath can stir  
But he's up with a whirr !

And a big bow-wow gives he,  
And with tail on end  
He'll the house de-fend  
Far bet-ter than lock or key.

When we sleep sound  
He takes his round,  
A sen-try o'er us all ;  
Through the long, dark night,  
Till broad day-light,  
He scares thieves from our wall.

But through the whole day,  
With the boys he'll play,  
And gam-bol in the sun ;  
On his back a-stride  
They may safe-ly ride,  
For well he loves their fun.

## WHEN THE SNOW FALLS.



IT is cold. The air is sharp, and cuts like a knife. We say "Jack Frost is here," and I should think he was. There are thick clouds in the sky that look like wool. Out of these clouds fall the soft white flakes of snow, now slow—then fast—and soon all the dark ground is hid, and far and near is one broad stretch of white. How odd the trees look. Is the snow dry or moist? Let us see. If dry it will not pack well, but will fall all



*When the Snow Falls.*

in-to bits. If some-what moist—that is, damp—it will make hard snow-balls, and you must take care how and where you throw them.



Bring out the sleds. Put on your furs, and your thick wraps, and keep your hands and feet warm. Do not stand long in one place or you will take cold. See that big boy on a small sled. How mean he is! He has two small girls to draw him, and it is a hard tug.

*Drum and Fife.*

When it is their turn to ride he will run off,  
and think he has done a smart thing. I do  
not think he is smart, do you?

Here comes Jake with a long line of sleds.  
Where did he find such a lot of small boys  
and girls? How their laugh rings out! It is  
like a chime of bells.

But hark! There are sleigh-bells! Now for  
some rare fun. Pile in. There is room for  
all if you sit close. Now we are off. What a  
glad time we have when the snow falls.

---

## DRUM AND FIFE.

BUM! bum! bum!

Goes the great big drum!

The streets are full of life;

Bum! bum! bum!

Goes the great big drum;

Toot! toot! toot! goes the fife.

Boys and girls are on the street

And the tune they hum,

While they keep in step with the beat

Of the great big drum.

*Drum and Fife,*

Two by two—on they go—  
Some-times fast, and some-times slow.

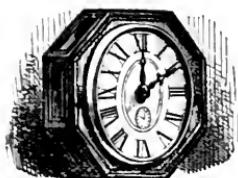
    Gay at heart, and full of life  
While Bum! goes the drum,  
    And Toot! goes the fife.

It is fine to see the troops  
    With their flags so gay  
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!  
    Up and down Broad-way.  
All in line keep time  
    As they go and come,  
While Toot! Toot! goes the fife,  
    And Bang! goes the drum.

Not a look to right or left  
    But as stiff as starch,  
With heads up high, and full of pride.  
They march, march, march!

    Up and down  
    Through the town  
The streets are full of life.  
At the Bum! Bum! Bum!  
    Of the great big drum,  
And the Toot! Toot! Toot! of the fife.

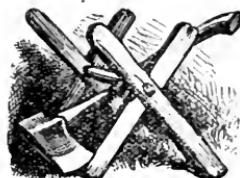
# WORDS IN PICTURES.



CLOCK.



TRUNK.



AXE.



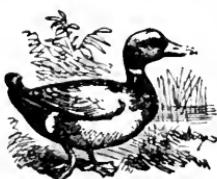
CAT, CUP.



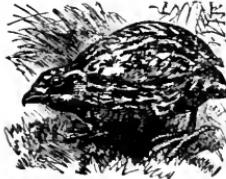
TOAD.



ZEBRA.



DUCK.



QUAIL.



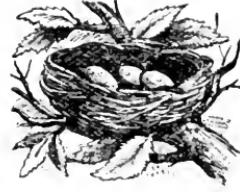
OWL.



RAKE.



VINE.



NEST.

Try to make a little story of your own about some of these things.

## THE CLOCK.



HEAR how the clock goes!  
What does it say?  
Tick-tock! Tick-tock!  
All the live-long day.  
Look in-side and you will see  
How the wheels go round,  
But all of them will stand  
stock still  
If the clock's not wound.  
Take the key.  
Turn it once,  
Turn it twice,  
or thrice;  
Hear it stir!  
Hear it purr!  
Now it goes!  
How nice!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Tick-tock-tock!

Want to know the time of day?  
Look at the clock.

# THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

## THE LONE HUT.

THERE was an old man who dwelt in a small hut on the edge of a wood far from the homes of men. No one knew how old he was, nor when he came in-to the place. His hair and beard had grown so that his face was hid; all but his nose and eyes, and no one could tell just what they were like. He made friends with the birds, and with the small game in the woods, and the chip-munks, quails, and rab-bits that were shy with most folks were not shy with him. He knew their ways; and must have known how to talk with them too, for when he gave a call they were quick to come where he was as if they had not the least fear of him.

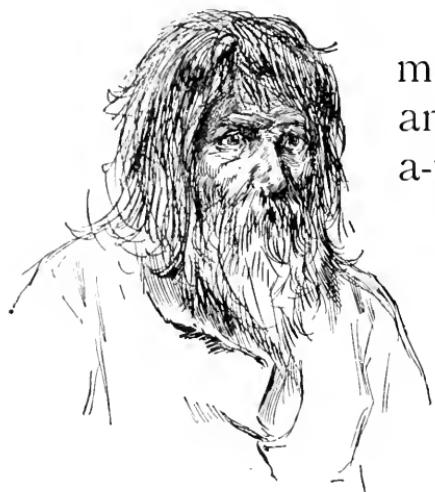
But when the boys went near his small house, which was not more than a hut, they would throw stones at it, and call out,

“ Wild man of the woods,  
What do you eat ?

*The Wild Man of the Woods.*

Where do you buy  
Your bread and meat?

Wild man, wild man show your face,  
And tell why you live in this po-ky place."



THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

Some times the wild man would give chase, and drive the boys far a-way from the edge of the woods, but some days he kept the door tight shut, and let them tease and tease till they got tired, and went off somewhere else.

It was a sad life to lead and more than one heart ached for the poor lone man, and now and then food was sent him that he might not starve, and warm quilts that he might not freeze when the nights were cold. But to have no one to speak to, day in and day out; to hear no voice of love; to see no kind face; to feel no warm clasp of the hand; oh, that makes life hard! We need to be with our

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own kind, to do them good, and have them do us good, and that is why a wild man of the woods is a strange sight.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Now there was a boy in the place whose right name was James Blake, but he was so tall and thin, and had such long legs, that the boys gave him the name of Slim Jim, and it stuck to him.

Now Jim loved to climb, and was up in a tree the most of the time. He would dare the boys to do what are known as "stunts," and where he led but few of the boys could follow. For the boy who is short and stout can-not jump a-bout, and tie him-self up in knots, as the tall and thin boy can, and in all the place there was no match for Slim Jim. And, of course, Jim felt proud of this, and put on airs.

One day, when he was off by him-self, he saw a kite that was caught in a tall tree, and he made up his mind to get it. But the tree was a hard one to climb, the limbs were up

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high, the trunk was straight and smooth, and when Jim was at least ten feet from the ground, his strength gave way and down he fell. He was in great pain, and could not move, and lay there a long, long time. Part of the time he was in a dead faint, and might have died if it had not been for the wild man of the woods.

He came near where Jim was, saw what a plight he was in, and took the boy in his arms and bore him to his hut at the edge of the woods. He put him on the bed, set some herbs to steep on the stove, gave Jim a drink of the warm tea, and bathed the bruised flesh with great care. But what was to be done a-bout Jim's leg that he broke in his fall? It must be set at once. There was no time to lose. Slim Jim knew that him-self, and he told the wild man to set the leg if he could.

When the leg was set, and put in splints, and Jim had had a nice nap, the wild man took the boy in his arms and bore him to his own home, which was up on a hill, laid him down on the bed in his own room, and left

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him with-out a word. It was some time before Slim Jim could run a-bout as he used to, but as soon as he could go so far he went to see the wild man of the woods who had been so good to him. He knew now that he had a kind heart, and the two were soon great friends. Jim said the man was not wild at

*The Wild Man of the Woods.*

all, but knew a great deal more than most folks, and was fit to teach school!

THE WILD MAN TAMED.

Jim stood up for the wild man, and spent much of his spare time with him, and he taught the lad much that would be of use to him, and that could not be found in books. The rest of the boys got in the way of go-ing to the hut at the edge of the woods, not to throw stones, but to be in some of the good times Jim told them of.

It was strange what a change took place in the wild man. Kind words and kind friends drew him out of his shell. His heart was made warm by this kind of sun-shine, and he said, "I feel just like a boy my-self" and took part in all the games of the young folks, and would laugh so hard at times that the tears ran down his face. Now and then he tried to hum a tune, which was a good sign, for the heart that is sick and sad does not care to sing, and he seemed in-side and out a new kind of man.

*The Wild Man of the Woods.*

He found that the world was not so bad as he thought. There were nice folks in it, and their hearts were kind. It was his own fault if he drew a-way from them, and gave them black looks in place of smiles. And what did the boys learn? Why they knew that a great deal of time was spent in ma-king wild things tame, for they had seen bears and apes do tricks to please those they had grown fond of. But Slim Jim and the rest said it was worth a great deal more to tame a wild man, and it paid bet-ter. Kind words and kind deeds go far, and do much good. And these boys are so proud of their work, that I fear they will spoil the wild man of the woods, and make him as full of pride as they are them-selves.

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PROVERBS.

He that is down need fear  
no fall.

Let them laugh that win

## THE CAGED BIRD.



A BIRD came to my win-dow,  
There was a cage near by,  
And as the door was o-pen  
I caught him on the fly.  
With not a note of sad-ness  
He sings the live-long day,  
And cheers me with his glad-ness,  
Nor tries to get a-way.  
  
I call, and he will an-swer,  
And ma-ny tricks will do,  
And you would smile to see him  
When play-ing "peek-a-boo."

*How a Fight Was Won.*

I love him very dear-ly,  
And it is plain to see  
That though a cap-tive, clear-ly  
He loves his cage and me.

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## HOW A FIGHT WAS WON.

### WHO WERE IN IT.

TOM and Dick were at swords' points. Tom would have his way, and Dick would have his way, and when two are like this they can-not well be friends. These boys would fall out a-bout such small things, and more than once in the day would come to words if not to blows.

It was queer, but if Tom set his heart on a whip or ball, then Dick must have that whip or ball, or there was no peace in the house. It was the same with books, and toys, and all else that they had to do with, and so it came to pass that two things of a kind had to be bought, that each of these boys might be pleased. For if Dick set out to

## *How a Fight Was Won.*



spin a top, and there was no top for Tom to spin, then there was a time!

Well, one day Tom took it into his head to play a fine game, and he said not one word a-bout it. He had seen some troops march by the house, and they

made a fine show, and it put Tom in mind of the gun that was up stairs in a safe place. He did not ask if he might take it, he did not think of that, but bore it a-way with him out of doors.

### WHAT BROUGHT ON THE FIGHT.

When Dick saw Tom with the gun, he was in a great rage, and went up to him and said,

### *How a Fight Was Won.*

"Give me that gun! you have no right to take it with-out leave. Give it to me, I say!" and Dick's face was all in a snarl, and he looked as if he might bite. His eyes were like two coals of fire, and, oh, how red his face was! Tom said, "You have no more right to the gun than I have. If it is wrong for me to have it, it is wrong for you to have it!" and he kept up his march, and held up his head in fine style.



THE FIGHT FOR THE GUN.

This was too much for Dick. He made a bold rush and tried to wrest the gun from his hands. But Tom held on, and as both boys were near the same size, they fought with the same strength, and each one stood his ground. As good luck would have it

## *How a Fight Was Won.*

there was no load in the gun, for if there had been and it had gone off one or both of the boys would have been hurt if not killed.

### HOW THE FIGHT CAME TO AN ÉND.

At last Dick's strength gave out, and he had to let go of the gun. He ran to the steps of the porch, where he sat down and hid his face in his hands.

It made Tom sad to see Dick in such a state, so he went to him and said, "Here, Dick, here is the gun. You may play with it all you want to." Then Dick, not to be out-done by Tom, said, "No, you keep it. I do not care for it," and so they kept on for some time. The gun had no more charms for them now, though it had been the cause for which they fought. It was thrown down, and the two boys gave their thoughts to some-thing else, and were soon the best of friends once more.

There are times when it is not worth while to fight for your rights. You lose more than you gain. You should say to your-self, "Some one must give up in this world! why not I as

*The Five Year Old Girl.*

well as you?" The best way to win a fight is to give up, and thus show that you care more for peace than you do for war.

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## THE FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL.



I AM a girl. I am five  
years old,  
And as full of fun as I  
can hold!  
I love to romp the whole  
day through,  
And I tire the boys  
out. Yes, I do.  
For boys are slow.  
I would have  
you know,  
And I am a girl that  
is full of go!  
Quick on foot, and  
hard to catch,  
Just as hard to find my  
match.

## HOW THE CALF WAS FED.

THERE was a calf in the lot, and Al took the tin pail in his hand and went out to feed it.

What was in the pail? Well, scraps of all sorts such as calves love, and Al thought this calf would run up to him and be quite as glad to get its break-fast as the pigs were to get theirs.

But the calf did noth-ing of the kind. It was not a large calf, but it was full of play, and when it ran round and round the lot it seemed to be all legs and tail.

It had no horns as yet, but there were two knobs on its head which would soon grow up in-to sharp horns, and Miss Calf was more proud of these than I can tell you. So when Al came out with the tin pail, the calf did not kick as mules do, but bent her head and gave the pail a butt with her hard bits of horns.

"Well," said Al, "I can not force you to eat if you do not want to."

So he went back to the house and set the pail down in the yard, and said to Em, "I

### *How the Calf Was Fed.*

tried to feed the calf, but she would not eat, and now it is time for me to go off to my work."

"Would not eat?" said Em. "I will see about that." So she took up the tin pail and went out to the lot back of the house, where the calf was tied.

The calf gave her a look with its big bright



### *How the Calf Was Fed.*

eyes, but that was all. Em came up to where the calf was, gave her one or two pats on the head, and three or four strokes down the side, and called her all the pet names she could think of.

"Now, my pet Snow-drop," she said "here is a nice break-fast I have brought you, and I want you to eat it all, so that you can grow fat and strong. You will, won't you? She was my own dear lit-tle pet calf, so she was; and no one shall be cross to her or hurt her. Here is milk, and bread, and all sorts of nice things; now come and eat."

And what did that calf do but put her head in the pail and eat as if she would never get her fill. She licked, and licked, and licked the pail, while Em stood by and laughed, and said to her-self, "Well, a calf is just like a child. When it will not eat, you must just coax it, and pet it, and not scold it or use cross words or looks. It is strange that e-ven the dumb beast feels the force of a kind word."

## THE GREEDY HENS.

ONE day Jane chop-ped up a large plate of meat, and took it out to feed the hens.

There was one piece quite large, as it had a bone in it, and so could not be chop-ped so small as the rest. When Jane set the meat down in front of the hens, one gree-dy one caught this large piece and ran off with it: An oth-er hen thought she would like to have the same piece, and ran aft-er the first to see if she could not get it for her-self. While the two ran a-round the yard, one in chase of the oth-er, try-ing to eat the bone which was too large for them to swallow, the rest of the hens kept at work on the meat



*Hard Wood to Saw.*

that had been chopped up fine, till not a bit was left.

When the two hens got tired of fight-ing a-bout the bone, they went off and left it ly-ing on the ground. They did look sil-ly when they came back and found the nice meat all gone. They had lost a good meal through their fool-ish greed.

These hens seemed to be great fools to do as they did; but I have known boys and girls who at times act with no more sense.

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## HARD WOOD TO SAW.

"THIS is hard wood to saw, now I tell you," said Phil Brant, as he bent to his task. The saw went Creak! Creak! Squeak! Squeak! and the noise was so sharp that it made folks want to run a-way and stop their ears.

"That must be why they call it hard wood," said Phil. "Dear me! what a big pile of it there is! At this rate the job will last me a

*Hard Wood to Saw.*

week or two, and is poor pay at that." Then the saw gave a queer kind of a grunt, Ugh!



Ugh! Ugh! and Phil left off to wipe his face, it was such warm work.

### *Hard Wood to Saw.*

While he stood there, an old man drew near, and at the first screech of the saw he gave a loud groan. Then he cried, "Stop that! Stop that! No need of such a noise, and such a waste of strength! Grease your saw, young man, grease your saw!"

Phil did so, and the saw went through the wood as smooth as could be, and it did not seem like hard wood at all. We make hard work for our-selves if our tools are not as they should be. We must be smooth in our ways, and smooth in our speech, if we wish to get on in the world.

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### PROVERBS.

Most haste, worst speed.

Well begun is half done.

Old trees will not bend.

Better late than never.

The end crowns the work.

## PEPPER.

I KNOW a dog and his name is Pep-per.

And it is a good name for him too. He looks like an old door-mat, or a bunch of rags, and as soon as you come in the house he will try to make friends with you. He will bring you his toys, for he has toys to play with just as if he was a child, and it is fun to see him coax you to play a game with him.



He has a ball, and a square flat bag made of bed-tick and stuffed with some-thing soft, and these are his toys. He will drop the ball at your feet, and wait for you to throw it, and then off he flies to catch it and bring it back to you.

*Pepper.*

Then he takes the bag, and keeps one end of it in his mouth while he looks up in your face and pleads for you to play a game. But if you try to take the bag, or pil-low, from his mouth then Pep-per is Pep-per in-deed. He tugs, and pulls, and shakes, and growls, and looks as if he would fly out of his skin, and when you let go he runs off with his prize, and is as full of joy as he can be.

Pep-per is fed in the di-ning-room. He has a bowl of his own, and to keep the floor clean a cloth is spread. He has learned to set the ta-ble for him-self, and he knows the meal times as well as the cook.

Pep-per seems to think that if the bell rings it is some one to see him, for he flies to the door, and says, "How do you do?" in the best way that he knows how. He is a queer dog, and if you should see him cut up, and fly round, and play ball, and shake the small toy pil-low, you would think as I do that Pep-per is a real good name for him.

## IN FRONT OF THE FIRE.



THERE was a fire in the grate, a soft coal fire that sent up long tongues of flame. Now and then the gas would hiss like a snake, and shoot out of a small hole a long plume of smoke and flame.

All sorts of things could be seen in the fire, if one had eyes to look for them. Down in one corner was a mine, where men were hard at work, and the light from the fierce flames cast a red glow over them. There are war-like men with spears in their hands, and here and there sits a giant or a dwarf. Troops march back and forth out of forts that rise and fall while we gaze at them, and red men are there without number.

Jack, who has a grudge against giants,

*In Front of the Fire.*

be-cause they scared him when he was quite young, cuts out a lot of these big men, and some have long spears in their hands. Jack loves to lie flat on the rug, face down, and gaze in-to the fire, where he sees more than most boys.

This day, when his brain was well baked, he took it in-to his head to roast a few of the pa-per gi-ants and this he did by seat-ing a long line of them on the top bar of the grate. One by one they would shrink up, now lift one leg or arm, then both legs and arms would go, and soon the big gi-ants would tip o-ver in-to the fire, and Jack would roll o-ver and o-ver on the rug, and laugh as hard as he could.

Jack was watched when he played this game, for it would not do to let him play it all a-lone. It is not safe to go too near a fire, and young folks are apt to be care-less. But Jack was an odd boy, and full of dreams. He loved to make the sto-ries he read seem real,

*In Front of the Fire.*



and would draw with a pen-cil by the hour, and laugh and talk to the shapes he made, and lit-ter the room with bits of pa-per that he cut out. But that was clean dirt. And there were no toys that pleased him so well as the pa-per toys he made him-self.

At dusk, when the soft coal fire was a-blaze, and all out-doors was as cold as ice, then Frank had a *grate*. time, and be-cause of the way he served the big men he won for him-self the name of Jack the Gi-ant Kill-er.

## MY KITTY.

I HAVE a pret-ty Kit-ty—

She's on-ly three months old.

But she is ver-y clev-er,

So play-ful and so bold ;

Her eyes are like

two jew-els,

And full of

yel-low light,

That glis-tens

till I won-der

If mine are

half so bright.

My Kit-ty's claws

are vel-vet—

So long as

I am kind ;

But if I were to tease her,

Sharp tal-ons I should find ;

And so I nev-er try it,

And thus I can de-clare,

From morn-ing un-til eve-ning,

We are a lov-ing pair.



## WHAT NAN FOUND.

### THE GIRL SHE WAS.

NAN was a poor child. She had no real home, no nice food to eat, and no nice clothes to wear. But these things did not make her cross. She was just as sweet and good as she could be, and all those who came near her fell in love with her at once. She was as bright as a sun-beam and full of cheer, and no one could be sad where Nan was.

If things went wrong, she would smile and say, "It will all come right in a few days. I have but to wait." And then she would sing like a lark, and seem as gay as a free young bird. She liked fine clothes, and when quite small would put a shawl round her and let it trail on the ground, and feel quite dressed up. If we can-not have what we want we must learn to put up with what we have, and it was Nan's way to make the best of things.

Nan had no folks of her own, and those who gave her a home were as poor as they could be. And they drank more beer than was good for them. Nan said to her-self, "In

### *What Nan Found.*

God's good time he will take me out of this, and give me a nice home in a nice place." She knew that this dream of her heart would come true. "And I can wait;" she said with a smile full of hope.

#### A STRAY CHILD.

One day as Nan sat on a bench in the Park, she saw a sweet child at play near her, and the two be-came great friends. As soon as the sun sank in the west, the crowds be-gan to leave the Park, and Nan and her new friend were quite a-lone.

"I want my nurse," said the small child. Nan said "Let us wait here for her. She will come soon." "No, no;" cried the tired pet, "Take me home! Take me home!" She knew where she lived, and Nan took her by the hand, and the two set out for the wee one's home, in a street not far off.

Nan went up the brown-stone steps, rang the bell, and as soon as the maid came to the door, said in a firm strong voice, "I found her in the Park. She was lost. She says she lives here. Is it all right?"

*What Nan Found.*



With this some one came down the stairs with a rush, took the wee mite in her arms, and cried, "My child! my pet! to think what might have been your fate!" and then cried so hard that Pet and Nan had to cry too.

Nan made a move to go out the door, for it was late and she knew that those with whom

she lived would beat and scold her. But Pet hung on to her, and Pet's ma-ma, who saw that the girl had a good face, begged Nan to stay and be the nurse-maid. Nan was glad. Her heart gave a great bound, for she had found just what she sought, a good home with those who knew her worth, and felt that they could trust her.

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## WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

"COME," says Nell to Grace, "let us go down to the beach, and play in the sand."

"Wait," says Grace, "till I get my spade and my pail. Then we will dig wells and build forts in fine style."

"And the big waves will come and wash them all a-way," says Nell. "Yes," says Grace! "but I shall not care. The sand will be there, and we can build new ones the next day. We must go now while the tide is low, for then the beach is wide, and the sand hard and smooth."

*When the Tide is Low.*

"We must take care," says Nell "and not stay too long, for when the tide comes in the big waves will lift us right off our feet, and if no one is near to save us we will drown."



"Do not talk so," says Grace. "Of course, we will take care and not go too near the waves. But I love the roar of the surf, and like to watch the waves roll in and leave their

*When the Tide is Low.*

mark on the shore in a long line of white foam. First comes a small wave—One. The next is a small wave—Two. Then comes Three with a leap and a flash, and the spray flies, and there is a salt taste on your lips."

"Why is the third wave so high?" asks Nell.

"I am sure I do not know," says Grace. "Some of these days we must try to find out. And I would like to know what makes the sea salt."

"I think God made it so from the first," says Nell, with a wise look on her small face. "He knew what was good for us, and it is the smell of the salt sea air that makes us grow, and get strong."

"I think so too," says Grace. "Dear me! how deep and soft this sand is! It tires me to walk in it. I am glad there is a plank walk down to the beach. Hark! hear the roar of the surf. And look there! Do you see that big steam-boat? How fast it goes. It is on its way to Long Branch."

## CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

OH, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?  
It rains so hard 'twill wet me through:  
  
My best clothes  
I have on  
— you see,  
And ruined  
quite  
I fear  
they'll be!  
The drops are  
nei-ther few  
nor light;  
I do be-lieve  
'twill rain  
till night.  
When I came  
out it was  
so fine,



Of rain or storm there was no sign;  
Now I am in a dread-ful stew—  
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

## THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.



TWICE a day I take my pail and stool and go out in-to the field to milk the cows. It is nice and cool there, and the cows stand so still that not one drop of milk is spilled.

We have five cows. One of them is an Alderney. She gives rich milk, and, oh, what a thick cream ris-es on it! I like the red cow's milk the best. She is plain, but kind, and I am not the least bit a-fraid of her horns. I call her Sa-li-na, be-cause she is so fond of salt. All cows need salt in their food.

White-nose has a calf that needs all the milk its moth-er can spare. White-nose will not let the calf take more than is good for it, but when she thinks it has had e-nough, she

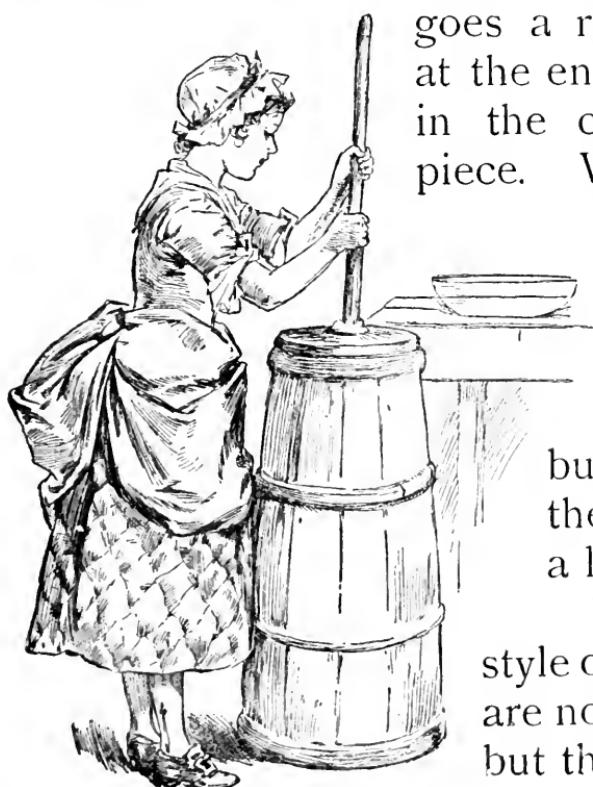
will give the calf a kick and drive it a-way from her.

Cows eat grass. The grass makes milk. Some of the milk we drink, and some of it we make in-to but-ter and cheese.

But-ter is made from cream. The cream is put in-to a churn, which is like a tall keg with a lid. Through a hole in the lid

goes a rod, which has at the end that is down in the churn a cross-piece. When the rod is worked up and down, it stirs up the cream, and this makes the but-ter part from the milk, and form a lump by it-self.

This is the old style of churn. There are now oth-er kinds, but the plan in all is



*Cross Patch.*

to stir or shake up the cream and so part the but-ter from the milk.

To make cheese, a sub-stance called rennet is put in the milk, and makes it form in-to curds and whey. The whey, which is thin, is squeezed out, and the curd put in-to a strong press, which squeez-es it in-to a sol-id mass. It is then laid a-way for a few months, for it must age be-fore it is good cheese.

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CROSS PATCH.

MAME was hard to please. In fact it was of no use to try to please her. She got up cross, and went to bed cross, and that is how she won the name of Cross-patch. There was but one thing she cared for, and that was her doll. It had been brought to her from France, and its name was Rose. No one must touch that doll but her-self, and she put on its clothes and took them off three or four times a day. It was a great pet.

*Cross Patch.*



Now there was next door a small dog who did not like dolls at all. To be sure, he would play with them, but in a way that you would not like if you cared for your dolls, as most girls do.

One day Mame left Rose on the porch for a short time, and Pink found it out, and stole in through the gate and had a good romp

*Cross Patch.*

with the fine French doll. How she did look when Pink got through with her! Just fit for the rag-bag!

But Mame had a new doll, that could talk and sing, and so she did not mind the loss of the old one quite so much. But she keeps a sharp eye on Pink, and takes good care not to leave her doll where dogs can get at it. Pink knows she does not like him, and when he barks it sounds as if he said, "Cross-patch! Cross-patch!" I think I should be cross myself if a dog came and chewed up my best doll. But one can-not mend things well with a cross patch.

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PROVERBS.

A stitch in time saves nine  
A tree is known by its fruit  
Strike while the iron is hot  
Drop by drop fills the cup.

## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,

Oh, the pretty flowers;

Coming ere the spring time

To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,

While the fields are bare,

Buttercups and daisies

Spring up here and there.



Ere the snow-drop peepeth,

Ere the crocus bold,

Ere the early primrose

Opes its paly gold,—

Somewhere on the sunny bank

Buttercups are bright;

Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass

Peeps the daisy white.

## THE DIVER.

SEE the picture of the diver!

Down into the waters deep,  
He descends that he may gather,

Treasures that they make and keep!



For the soft and  
yellow sponges,  
For the coral  
bright and red,  
Down into the waves  
he plunges—  
To their native,  
strange sea-bed.

When you enter  
shops of druggists,  
Where the sponges  
lie in rows,  
Think of how  
the gallant diver  
Boldly in the  
ocean goes.

When you see  
upon the counter  
Coral jewels,  
rich and rare,  
Think how fearlessly  
the diver,  
Did the waste  
of waters dare

For the sponges and the coral  
Make their home beneath the wave,  
And the reason you possess them  
Is that divers are so brave.

## UP-TO-DATE



MY charger was a noble horse,  
I rode him up to town,  
And all the way to There-and-back  
And up the hills and down.

He never shied, nor ran away,  
He was so very good;  
I'm really sure a better horse  
Was never made of wood.

But now I think he's  
getting old  
And past his work, you  
know;  
His nose is chipped, his  
paint is gone,  
His tail went long ago!

No longer is he fit to ride,  
So I prefer by far  
To turn the table upside  
down  
And drive a motor car!



## TIMOTHY'S TEMPTATION.

THE door of the pantry  
stood ajar,  
And in stepped Timothy Lee.  
He climbed on a chair,  
and stretched his neck  
For nearer the fruit would  
he be.



"There is no one by, so I  
will try

For an

apple

bright and red.

He just touched the dish

and over it went,

And 'pop' came the fruit on  
his head.

He missed his footing and  
down he fell,

With a thump upon the floor!

And when he got up, he  
said with a sigh.

"I'll try to be tempted no more"

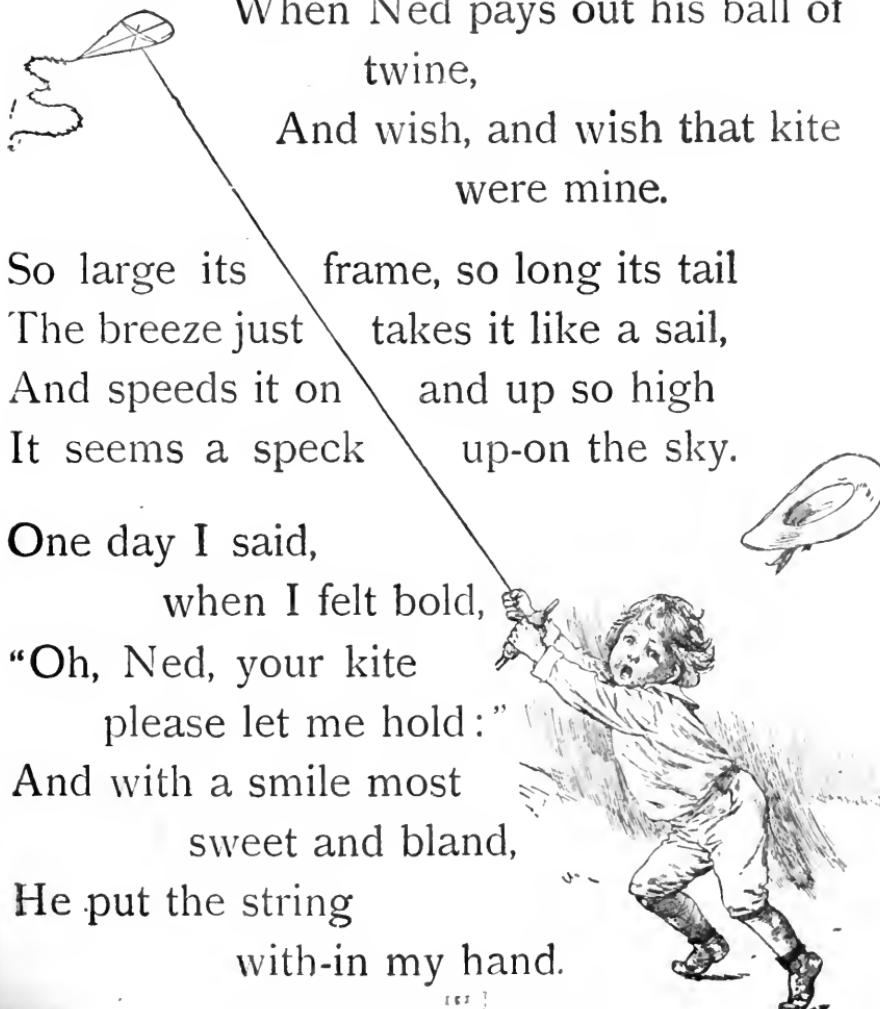


## NED AND HIS KITE.

NED has a kite he loves to fly;  
I watch it as it soars on high,  
When Ned pays out his ball of  
twine,  
And wish, and wish that kite  
were mine.

So large its frame, so long its tail  
The breeze just takes it like a sail,  
And speeds it on and up so high  
It seems a speck up-on the sky.

One day I said,  
when I felt bold,  
“Oh, Ned, your kite  
please let me hold :”  
And with a smile most  
sweet and bland,  
He put the string  
with-in my hand.



*The Bad Boy.*

It drew me this way, drew me that,  
Now I was up, and then down flat,  
And though I tried hard not to fall  
I could not keep my feet at all.

And now I do not care to own  
So big a kite till I am grown ;  
For should the wind blow hard, you see,  
It soon would make a kite of me.

---

THE BAD BOY.

NED BLAKE was a small boy, but a great scamp. He would not do as he was told, and thought that bad boys had a great deal more fun than good boys. And the worst thing a-bout him was that he was sly.

Now no one likes a sly boy, so Ned Blake had but few friends, and those not of the right sort. These boys made use of a great deal of slang, and said words that I would not put in this book for the world. Grown up folks

*The Bad Boy.*

said they were a hard set, and that Ned Blake was the worst of the lot.

"Give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him." This was the case with Ned Blake. He would not go to school, so he was put on board a ship and sent off to sea. Here he had to do as he was told, or he would get a taste of the cat-o-nine-tails, which is the name they give the raw-hide whip that is made use of on ship-board.

Ned had a hard time of it, and ran a-way once or twice; but he was soon caught and brought back to the ship, and then it was worse, much worse for the bad boy. For years and years no one heard of Ned Blake, and it was thought that he was lost at sea. But he came back when he was a big man and tried to make friends with those he had known in his youth.

But no one cared to speak to him, be-cause he had been such a great scamp when a lad. Most of those who knew him when a boy, had boys of their own, and would not ask this man to their homes lest he should teach these lads some of his sly tricks.

You see then that it does not pay to get a bad name, for it sticks to us and we can-not get rid of it.

---

## ONE THING AT A TIME.

WORK while you work, play  
while you play.

That is the way to be cheer-ful  
and gay.

All that you do, do with  
all your might:

Things done by halves,  
are nev-er done right.



One thing at a time,  
and that done well,  
Is a ver-y good rule,  
as ma-ny can tell.  
Mo-ments are use-  
less, tri-fled a-way;  
So work while you  
work, play while you play.



## WORDS IN PICTURES.



TREE.



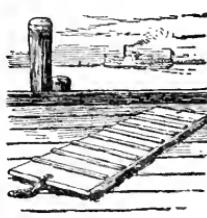
BALLOON.



BON-FIRE.



SAILOR.



GANG-PLANK.



GREY-HOUND.



WINDOW.



SIGN-BOARD.



BELL. VASE.



DRESS.



CRADLE.



STATUE.

Try to make a little story of your own about some of these things.

## TIME.

“SIX-TY sec-onds make a min-ute,  
Six-ty min-utes make an hour;”

If I were a lit-tle lin-net,  
Hop-ping in her lea-fy bow-er,  
Then I should not have to sing it:  
“Six-ty sec-onds make a min-ute.”

Twen-ty-four hours make a day,  
Sev-en days will make a week:  
And while we all at mar-bles play,  
Or at cun-nинг “hide and seek,”  
Or in the gar-den gath-er flow-ers,  
We’ll tell the time that makes the hours.

In ev-e-ry month the weeks are four,  
And twelve whole months will make a year;  
Now I must say it o’er and o’er,  
Or else it nev-er will be clear;  
So once a-gain I will be-gin it:  
“Six-ty sec-onds make a min-ute.”

## LILLIE AND HER LAMB.

LIL-LIE is fond of pets. She has a dog, a cat, and a bird that is kept in a cage. One day she read a-bout Ma-ry and her lamb:

"Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow ;  
And ev-er-y-where that Ma-ry went,  
The lamb was sure to go."

She made up her mind that she would like a pet lamb. So her pa-pa bought her one, and he had to buy the old sheep too, for the lamb was too young to be tak-en from its moth-er.

The sheep and lamb have nice fields of fresh green grass to roam through all day, and they drink from cool, clear springs and run-ning streams. As soon as it is dark they are shut up in a barn, so that they will be safe from the fox-es and wild-cats that prowl round in the night.

The pet lamb knows Lil-lie's voice. It will run to meet her, and fol-lows her wher-ev-er she goes, and it seems to know all she says.

Lil-lie whis-pers in its ear, "Do you love me?"

And the lamb says, "Ba-a-a!"

## *Lil-lie and Her Lamb.*



“Do you want to play tag?” asks Lil-lie.  
“Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!” says the lamb.  
That means “Yes, of course.”

Then the two have a fine romp; while the old sheep looks on, and thinks of the days when she was a fris-ky young thing, and had just such a sweet child play-mate as Lil-lie.

God made the sheep for man’s use. Its flesh is good for food, and the warm clothes we wear are made from its soft fleece.

## SANTA CLAUS.



HARK to the pat-ter a-long the roofs!  
What means that clat-ter of ti-ny hoofs ?  
It is San-ta Claus, in his sleigh so bright,  
Comes ri-ding o-ver the land to-night.

A-cross the fields and o-ver the hill  
He comes to the farm-house dark and still ;  
And there on the roof a mo-ment stops,  
And down the chim-ney a bun-dle drops.

He comes to the cit-y—"Oh, dear!" says he,  
"What lots of peo-ple are wait-ing for me !  
My sleigh is big, and my steeds are strong,  
Or I nev-er, nev-er, could get a-long."

Down ev-e-ry chim-ney he looks with care,  
And counts the stock-ings hang-ing there ;

*Zink.*

Then he takes his pack and down he swings,  
And fills them full of won-der-ful things.

And he sees the beau-ti-ful Christ-mas trees—  
“Oh, dear!” he says, “I must fix up these;”  
And he hangs all o-ver them things so fine,  
That from top to bot-tom like stars they shine.

And so he rides, and vis-its all  
The hou-ses he sees, both great and small;  
And he laughs to think, as he rides a-way,  
What hap-py hearts there will be that day.

---

ZINK.

THE KIND OF DOG HE WAS.

ZINC, or Zink, is a met-al, like brass and tin,  
but of a gray-blue shade, and it is much  
used. But it is of some-thing else of a dark  
gray-blue shade I am go-ing to tell you. A  
strange box came to the house a few days  
a-go, and on it was marked in black ink, or  
paint, “Mind my legs. Give me food and  
drink. My name is Zink.”

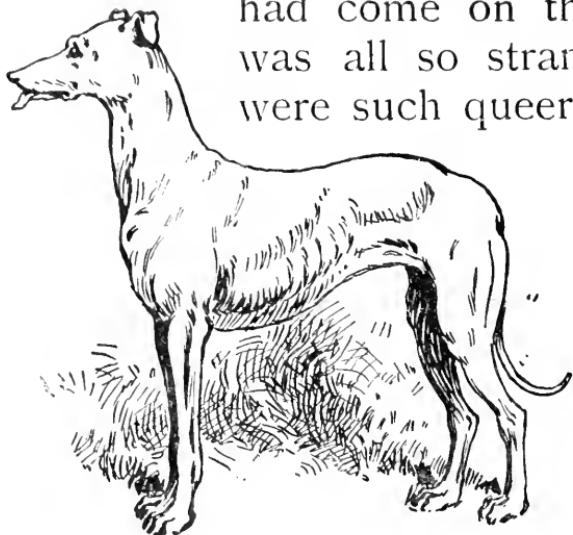
"You had bet-ter let him out at once," said the man that brought him, "as the box seems too small for the dog."

"How can I do that?" asked Rene, who is the head of the house.

"I will do it for you," said the man; and he tore off the slats in no time, and out sprang a great grey-hound, who was glad en-ough to get out of the small space where he had spent two days and two nights, and to stretch him-self once more. Such long legs, and such a long nose as he had! And how he flew a-round in search of the food he was in need of! The house was strange, the folks were strange, and the poor dog tore back and forth with his nose to the ground, and each time he came near Kate, the cook, she threw her arms o-ver her head, and gave a great scream as if in fear of her life. And she was. She did not want the strange beast to come near her.

But as soon as Zink was fed, and had got used to the ways of the house, he curled him-self up on the lounge as well as he could, and slept hard to make up for lost time. For he

*Zink.*



had come on the cars, and it was all so strange, and there were such queer sounds all the way, that he could not close his eyes. We soon found out that Zink had been trained well, for when we sat down to the ta-ble he

sat down on the floor close at hand, but made no move to help him-self. But as soon as Kate came in and be-gan to scrape the plates, Zink was up on all fours, for scraps were what he lived on. When he had had all the naps and the food he cared for, he set out to make friends with the folks in his new home. He seemed to think that he was a small pup, and would try his best to get in the lap of Mr. Dunn, who has no lap at all. If Zink's nose and his fore paws were well fixed, he did not seem to think that his hind legs stood on the

floor, and by-and-by you would feel, if you held him in this way, that he was a great weight.

#### WHAT ZINK LIKES BEST.

The next thing we had to learn was that Zink liked to go out for a walk, and if one of us had a hat on, then he was wild. He would cry like a child, scratch at the door, and in all sorts of ways let you know that he wished to go with you.

"Well, Zink, wait till I get your chain!" says one, and Zink turns his head to one side, to have the chain made fast to his collar, and then says as well as he can, "O do make haste! I can-not wait. I shall be ill if I do not have a long walk out of doors each day."

The street boys hail him with shouts and cries, for grey-hounds are a rare sight, and now and then one of the boys says in a loud voice, "Make out that he can jump!" which is a slang phrase of the day, and means that no dog can jump as high as a grey-hound.

Zink would like to take a good long run, but the chain holds him. When he knows us

*A Spring Song.*

well, he can go to the Park, with a muzzle on, and run and race till he will be glad to lie down and rest. And you would laugh to see him a-sleep un-der a shawl, with his four long legs stuck out as if they were made of wood. No won-der that when his old mas-ter put him on board the cars, he wrote on the box in large print, "Mind my legs."

---

A SPRING SONG.

HOW sweet the fields in ear-ly Spring!

How fresh and green the grass!

The birds their hap-py car-ols sing;

Each stream is a look-ing-glass,

In which we see the sky a-bove

Shine blue and clear be-low,

And, oh, our hearts are full of love,

And up-ward seem to grow.

The trees were nev-er quite so full

Of leaves, and gay ap-pear

The bush-es and the vines, so dull

And scant of bloom last year.

*A Spring Song.*

It seems as if Dame Na-ture had  
Made up her mind to bring  
A wealth of sweets to make us glad  
To hail the re-turn of Spring.



The frost and snow have gone a-way,  
And ev-e-ry-where a-round,  
The blos-soms in their bright ar-ray  
Are peep-ing from the ground.

*Playing in the Sand.*

And as by fields we stroll a-long,  
And hear the bird-ies sing,  
Why should not we break forth in song,  
And wel-come, wel-come Spring?

---

PLAYING IN THE SAND.

DICK and Madge lived in a pleas-ant park,  
and they played out of doors all day when  
it was fair.

They had fine times in a pile of sand which was put near where a new house was to be built. Dick made sand pies and cakes, and Madge baked them in the sun. When they had made a large lot they would have a party. They al-ways asked



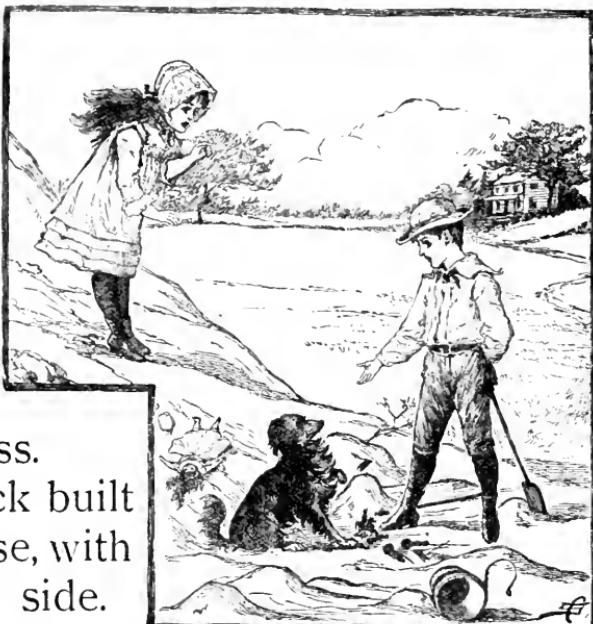
*Playing in the Sand.*

Dog Flash to come, but he would nev-er eat a-ny thing. When Dick tried to put a sand cake in his mouth, he would bark and make a fuss.

One day Dick built a big sand house, with a door at one side. He called it a fort, and he brought out his toy sol-diers and marched them in to it. Just as they were all in, the fort came down with a rush, for Flash had come that way and sat down on the top of it. Of course all the sol-diers were bur-ied in the sand.

"Now, Flash," said Dick, "you must pick all those sol-diers out."

Flash seemed to know what was meant, for he scratched the sol-diers out, one by one,



*Good Advice.*

and put them in Mad-ge's lap. Each time he found one, he would bark and wag his tail, as if he had done quite a smart thing.

But one day when Dick and Madge went out to play in the sand they found a man mix-ing it with lime, to make mor-tar for the walls of the new house. So they could build no more forts, and in place of that had to play on the lawn with Flash.

---

## TWO BOYS—TWO MEN.

TWO boys were trav-el-ing ov-er a hill,  
And they sang as they went, “Yee-ho-ver,  
Life is jol-ly, we’ll both get rich,  
And then we’ll live in clo-ver!”

One boy sang, as he went on his way,  
“I can’t,” and “I won’t,” and, “I shan’t, sir;”  
And the oth-er, he car-ol-ed a bet-ter lay,  
“I’ll try,” and “I’ll hope,” and “I will, sir.”

So both trudged on and grew to be men,  
And they sing no more, “Yee-ho-ver,”  
For “I can’t” is a drunk-ard, gaunt and grim,  
And “I’ll try” is liv-ing in clo-ver.

## ROUGH'S SAIL DOWN STREAM.



BACK of their Un-cle Joe's house, where Dick and Ned went to stay last year, was a fine stream of wa-ter. This was a new thing to the boys, and they hoped to have fine sport.

Un-cle Joe had a dog, named Rough, with whom the boys soon made friends. He was a kind dog; though his name was Rough, he was not rough in tem-per, and he was glad to have the boys play with him.

Un-cle Joe made the boys a raft. It was

*Rough's Sail Down Stream.*

made of logs, to which boards were nailed cross-wise. When it was made they all took a float down stream; Rough with them. Un-*cle* Joe had a long pole to guide the raft.

Ned and Dick would have liked to stay on the raft all night. The next day they were on it be-fore break-fast. They nev-er tired of this sport, and Rough liked it too.

One morn-ing Rough was down to the raft be-fore the boys were up. I don't know how it came to pass, but the raft broke loose from the tree to which it was tied, and Rough went float-ing down the stream a-lone.

When the boys came, their raft was gone. They looked down stream, and there they saw Rough on the raft. He was bark-ing, and when he saw the boys he barked still more.

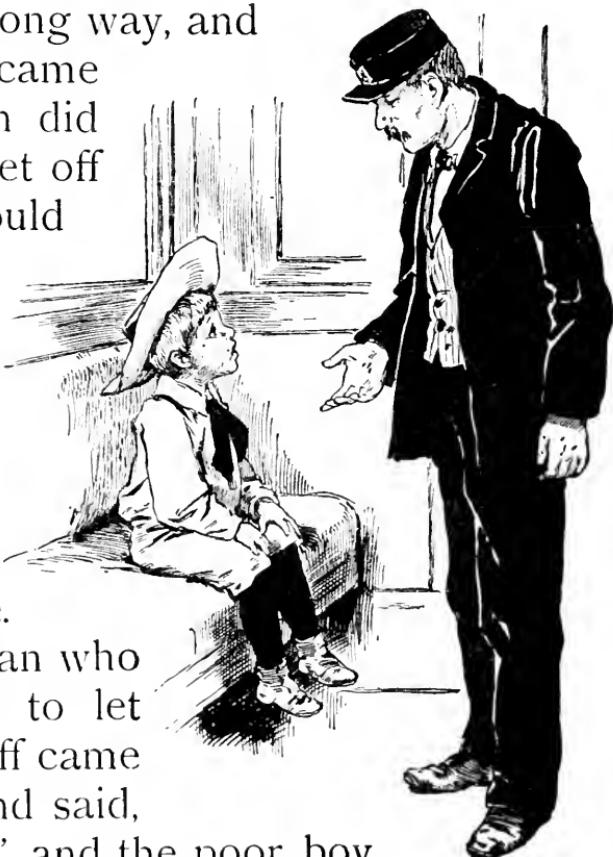
Dick ran to the house and got a rope, and then ran a-long the bank and threw it up-on the raft. Rough did just what they wished him to do. He took the rope in his mouth, and the more they pulled, the hard-er he held on with his teeth. In this way Rough and the raft were brought to shore.

## IN THE STREET CAR.

SAM had five cents, so he went out to take a ride in a street car. He was too big to kneel on the seat, so he sat up like a man, and tried to act as if he had been in street cars all his life.

He rode a long way, and when the car came to a stop Sam did not dare to get off for fear he would be a lost boy. For the place was new to him, and strange. It was not built up as it was near his home.

Soon the man who pulls the bell to let folks on and off came up to Sam, and said, "Fare, please," and the poor boy



*In the Street Car.*

did not know what to do. He thought that five cents would take him the round trip if he did not get off the car.

Sam grew red in the face. The tears rose to his eyes, and he was just a-bout to give a loud scream, when a nice man who sat next him put five cents in the boy's hand. "Thank you, sir," said Sam, and he paid his own fare, as proud as a prince, and the smile on his face filled the car with a flood of sun-shine.

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PROVERBS.

No news is good news

Look before you leap

Might is not right

He that hides can find.

Hour by hour time goes

Out of sight, out of mind.

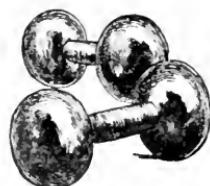
# WORDS IN PICTURES.



FOOT. SHOE.



SLIPPER.



DUMB-BELLS.



UMBRELLA.



TRUMPET.



VIOLIN.



ARM-CHAIR.



TABLE.



HAT. CAP.



KEG. TUB.



PAN. POT.



MEAT-BLOCK.

Try to make a little story of your own about some of these things.

## MY KITTY.

I HAVE a pret-ty kit-ty;  
Her coat is black & in's  
Her eyes are bright-est yellow,  
Her lit-tle nose is pink.

When in my arms  
I take her,  
And stroke her  
sil-ky fur,  
I know that she  
en-joys it,  
For soft-ly she  
will purr.

She does not try  
to scratch me,  
Al-though her  
lit-tle paws,  
In vel-vet cush-ions hid-den,  
Have sharp-ly point-ed claws;  
For I don't tease or hurt her,  
But gent-ly play, you see;  
And she's as fond of me, I think,  
As kits know how to be.





## LITTLE SNOWDROP.

ONCE on a time in the depth of winter, when the flakes of snow fell like feathers from the clouds, a queen sat sewing at her palace window, which had a carved frame of black wood. While she sewed she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. The bright red looked so well on the white snow, that the queen thought, "Oh, that I had a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and with hair as black as the wood of this frame."

It soon came to pass that the queen had a

*Little Snowdrop.*

girl child who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as the window frame. She looked like a snow-drop, and hence was called by that name. And when the child was born, the moth-er died.

When less than a year had passed, the king took a new wife, who was most fair, but so proud that she could not bear to think that any one else came near her in beau-ty. She had a mag-ic glass, and when she stepped in front of it and said :

“ Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall,  
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

it would say :

“ Thou art the fair-est, la-dy queen.”

Then she was pleased, for she knew the glass spoke the truth.

But as Snow-drop grew up, she be-came fair-er and fair-er till she reached the age of eight years, and then was more love-ly than the queen. The queen was vexed and went to her glass:

“ Mir-ror, mir-ror, on the wall,  
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

*Little Snowdrop.*

The mir-ror re-plied :

“Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen;  
Snow-drop is fair-est now, I ween.”

The queen was shocked, and turned green with en-vy. From that hour the sight of Snow-drop filled her heart with hate; and the hate grew so strong and fierce that she had no rest night or day.

At last she called a hunt-er to her, and said, “Take this child to the woods; I can not bear the sight of her. Kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue as a proof that you have done what I bid you.”

The hunt-er took the child to the woods, but when he drew his knife to kill her she begged him to spare her life. “I will run in-to the wilds, and not be seen an-y more,” said she.



THE QUEEN BEFORE HER LOOKING-GLASS.

*Little Snowdrop.*

This speech touched the man's heart, and he took pit-y on her, and let her go. Just then a young boar came to the spot, and as soon as he saw it the man caught and killed it. Then he took its heart and tongue, and brought them to the queen, and told her they were Snow-drop's.

But now poor Snow-drop was left a-lone, and knew not which way to turn. She ran through the woods, and saw wild beasts, but none of them harmed her. She ran on till dark, and then she came to a small hut, in-to which she went. There was no one in-side, but a ta-ble was set with food for sev-en per-sons.

Snow-drop was in dire need of food, so she ate a small speck of what was on each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each glass, for she did not wish to take the whole share of an-y one.

There were sev-en small beds ranged in a row, each cov-ered with snow-white sheets. Then Snow-drop, be-cause she was tired, lay down in one of the beds, but it did not suit;

*Little Snowdrop*

then she tried the next, but that was too long; the third was too short; the fourth, too hard; and so on till she came to the sev-enth, which



SNOWDROP RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS

was just right, so she tucked her-self up in it, and when she had prayed to God to take care of her, went to sleep.

By and by the lords of the house came home. They were sev-en dwarfs who delved

*Little Snowdrop.*

all day in the hills for gold. They saw that some one had been in the room; that it was not just as they had left it. The first one said, "Who has sat in my chair?" The second, "Who has eat-en from my plate?" The third, "Who has nib-bled at my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been at my broth?" The fifth, "Who has used my fork?" The sixth, "Who has been cut-ting with my knife?" The sev-enth, "Who has drunk out of my cup?"

Then the first one, look-ing at his bed, saw that a dent had been made in it, and he cried out, "Who has stepped on my bed?" They all ran each one to his bed, and cried, one aft-er the oth-er, "Some one has been in my bed."

But the sev-enth one, on look-ing at his, saw Snow-drop. He called his broth-ers, who ran to the bed with their lamps,in their hands.

They looked at her in won-der. "What a beau-ty she is!" they said; and they were so much pleased that they would not wake her, but left her to sleep, and the sev-enth dwarf,

*Little Snowdrop.*



"'WHAT A BEAUTY SHE IS!' THEY SAID."

in whose bed she was, slept one hour with each of his fel-lows, and so the night passed.

When Snow-drop woke in the morn-ing, and saw the dwarfs, she was fright-en-ed. But they were friend-ly, and asked her how she

*Little Snowdrop.*

had come to their house. Then she told them how her step-moth-er would have had her killed, and how her life had been spared. The dwarfs told her that if she would keep house for them she might stay with them and should want for noth-ing.

“I will do all this glad-ly,” said Snow-drop, and so she stayed with them.

The dwarfs went out each day to dig for gold, and they told Snow-drop to take great care not to let a soul come in the house while they were a-way. “It will not be long,” said they, “till your step-moth-er will know you are here.”

The queen in the mean time had no thought but that Snow-drop was dead, and that once more she was the fair-est per-son in the world. She went to her glass one day and said :

“ Mir-ror, mir-ror, on the wall,  
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

And it re-plied :

“Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen;  
Snow-drop is fair-est now I ween.  
A-mid the for-est, dark-ly green,  
She lives with dwarfs—the hills be-tween.”

*Little Snowdrop.*



SNOWDROP LETS THE DISGUISED QUEEN LACE HER WAIST.

*Little Snowdrop.*

Then the queen knew the hunt-er had not told her the truth. She thought and thought how she could kill Snow-drop, and at last she con-trived a plan. She stained her face, and put on the dress of a ped-dler wom-an, and went over the hills to the dwarfs' house. She knocked, and Snow-drop looked out, and think-ing she was some poor wom-an, let her in and bought a stay-lace from her.

“Come,” said the old wom-an, “let me lace your pret-ty waist right,” and Snow-drop let her do so. But she drew the lace so tight that Snow-drop could not breathe, and fell down as if dead. Then the queen sped a-way.

When the dwarfs came home they found their dear Snow-drop ly-ing on the floor. They raised her up, and when they saw that she was laced too tight, they cut the stays, and in a short time she be-gan to breathe. When they heard what had tak-en place, they knew the queen had been there, and they warned Snow-drop to take more care, and let no one come in the house when they were not with her.

*Little Snowdrop.*

When the queen reached home, she went to her glass and said the same words:

“Mir-ror, mir-ror, on the wall,  
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

and it re-plied once more:

“Thou wert the fair-est, lady queen,  
Snow-drop is fair-est now, I ween.  
A-mid the for-est, dark-ly green,  
She lives with dwarfs—the hills be-tween.”

Her rage was great, and she set her wits to work a-gain to plan Snow-drop’s death. By the aid of witch-craft, she made a poi-soned comb, and dressed as an old wom-an, and set out once more o-ver the hills. She knocked at the door of the dwarfs’ house, call-ing, “Nice goods for sale!”

Snow-drop peeped out and said, “You need not stop here, I shall let no one in.”

“But still you may look,” said the old wom-an, and she held up the comb. The child was so much pleased with the pret-ty comb that she for-got her fears and o-pened the door.

“Now,” said the ped-dler, “let me show

## *Little Snowdrop.*



"SNOWDROP FELL TO THE FLOOR SENSELESS."

you how to use it," and she be-gan to comb Snow-drop's hair. The poi-son worked at once, and Snow-drop fell to the floor sense-less.

By good luck, the dwarfs soon came home, and when they saw Snow-drop ly-ing on the floor, they knew the step-moth-er had been there a-gain. As they raised Snow-drop they saw the comb in her hair, and as soon as they drew it out she re-vived.

When the queen reached home she went a-gain to her glass, and got from it the same re-ply as twice be-fore. This made her wild with rage. "Snow-drop shall die," she cried, "e-ven if it cost me my life."

She went to a se-cret room which no one else could en-ter, and there made a dead-ly poi-soned ap-ple. Then she a-gain stained

her face, and dressed as a peas-ant's wife, and went a third time to the dwarfs' house.

She knocked, but Snow-drop looked out of the win-dow and said, "I dare not o-pen the door, for the dwarfs have told me to let no one in."

"That is hard for me," said the wom-an, "for I must take back my ap-ples, but there is one which I will give you;" and she held up an ap-ple.

"No," said Snow-drop, "I dare not take it."

"What! are you a-fraid of it?" cried the old wom-an. "There, see, I will cut it in two, and you can have the red half and I will take the white."

The ap-ple had been made so that the red side a-lone was poi-soned. Snow-drop longed for the fruit, and when she saw the wom-an eat her half, she could not re-sist, but took the poi-soned part.

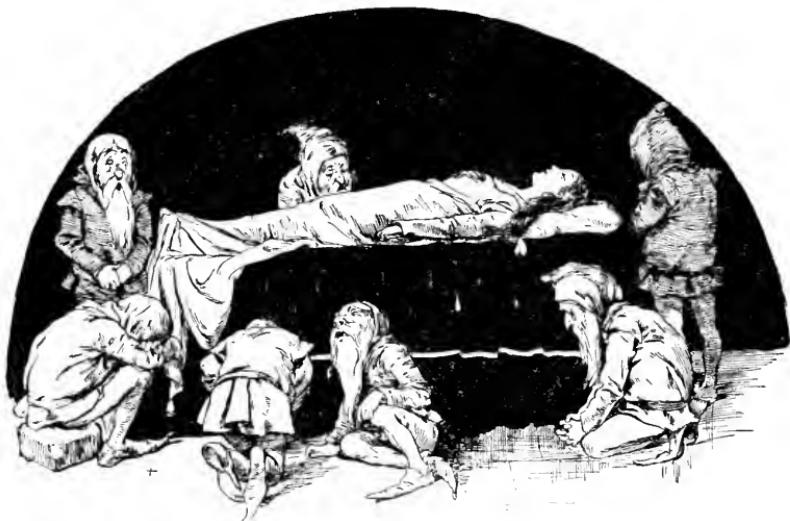
She took but one bite, and fell down dead. The queen looked at her with cru-el eyes, and laughed. "The dwarfs will not be a-ble to rouse you this time," she said.

*Little Snowdrop.*

And when she reached home, and went to her glass, it an-swered:

"Thou art the fair-est, la-dy queen."

When the dwarfs came home they tried all means to bring Snow-drop to life, but this



time she seemed to be dead be-yond re-call. They laid her on a bier, and sat by her and wept for three days. Then they would have bur-ied her, but she looked so fair and life-like they could not bear to put her in the earth. So they had a case made of clear glass, in which one could view the bod-y from all

## *Little Snowdrop.*



THE PRINCE SEES SNOWDROP IN THE GLASS CASE.

sides, and in this they placed her. Then they put the glass case up-on the ledge of a rock, and one of them al-ways stayed by it to watch.

Snow-drop lay in the case a long time and showed no signs of de-cay. By and by a young prince passed through the woods one

*Little Snowdrop.*

day, and saw the case on the rock, and the fair girl with-in it.

When he had looked at it, he said to the dwarfs: "Let me have this case and I will pay you what you like for it."

The dwarfs said, "We will not sell the case for all the gold in the world!"

But when they saw that the prince loved Snow-drop tru-ly, they gave him the case. The prince had his ser-vants lift it and take it a-way. As they went through the woods, one of the men stum-bled, and the jar caused the piece of poi-soned fruit to roll out of Snow-drop's mouth. Soon she o-pened her eyes, raised the top of the case, and sat up.

"Where am I?" she cried.

"You are with me," said the prince, full of joy, and he told her all that had come to pass. "You are more dear to me than all else in the world. Come with me to my fa-ther's pal-ace and be my wife."

Snow-drop loved the kind young prince, and went with him, and soon aft-er their mar-riage took place with great splen-dor.

### *Little Snowdrop.*

Snow-drop's step-moth-er was asked to the wed-ding, and when she was dressed in her fine clothes to go, she went to her glass and asked :

" Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall,  
Who's the fair-est one of all?"

and it re-plied :

" Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen;  
The prin-ce's bride is more fair, I ween."

In her an-ger the queen at first thought she would not go to the wed-ding, but in the end she could not re-sist her wish to see the bride.

As soon as she en-tered she knew Snow-drop, and in her rage and fear seemed root-ed to the spot. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought with tongs and set in front of her, and these she was forced to put on and dance in till she fell down dead.



DANCING IN RED HOT SHOES  
17

# Rumpelstiltskin.



HERE was once a mil-ler who was as poor as poor could be, but he had a daugh-ter who was quite fair of face. One day he chanced to meet the king, and as he felt like boast-ing, he said, "I have a girl that can spin gold out of straw."

The king said to him, "That is an art in which few have skill; if your child is as smart as you say, bring her to my cas-tle in a day or two, and I will try what she can do."

When the girl was brought to the king, he led her to a room that was full of straw, and gave her a wheel with which to spin. "Now go to work," he said. "If you do not spin all this straw in-to gold in one day, you shall die." With these words he shut the door and left her there.

She could not see how she was to save her life, for she did not know how to spin gold out of straw. She thought a long time, and

*Rumpelstiltskin.*

her fear and grief were so great that she wept. Then all at once the door o-pened, and in came a ti-ny dwarf.



"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME, ASKED THE DWARF, 'IF I SPIN IT FOR YOU?'"

"Why do you weep, my poor child?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the girl, "I have got to spin gold out of this straw, and I do not know how."

*Rumpelstiltskin.*

“What will you give me,” asked the dwarf, “if I spin it for you?”

“My gold chain,” said the girl.

The dwarf took the chain, and then sat down at the wheel. Whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round went the wheel, and the spool was full. He put on an oth-er, and—whirr, whirr, whirr, that one was full; and so on all through the night, till the straw was all gone and the spools full of gold.

When the king came and saw it he was glad. But his heart was full of greed for gold, and he took the girl to a room in which was more straw. “You must spin this too, in one day,” said he, “or you lose your life.”

The girl was full of grief, but as she wept, the door o-pened, and in came the dwarf, who said, “What will you give me if I spin the straw in-to gold?”

“My ring,” said the girl.

The dwarf took the ring and went to work. He spun all night, and then the straw was all changed to gold.

The king was full of joy, but wished for

*Rumpelstiltskin.*

still more gold. He led the girl to an oth-er room full of straw and said, "All this you must spin to-night. If you do so, I will make you my wife."

When the girl was a-lone, the dwarf came for a third time, and asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"I have not a thing left to give you," said the girl.

"Then you will have to give me your first child when you are queen," said he.

The girl said she would do so, and the dwarf set to work and soon spun the gold. When the king came and found all he wished for done, he was pleased, and made the girl his wife at once.

In a year, by which time she had ceased to think of the dwarf, she had a child. But in a few days the dwarf came to her room, and said, "Now give me what you said you would."

In great fright the queen said she would give him all her wealth if he would leave the child to her, but he said he would not.

*Rumpelstiltskin.*

The queen wept and groaned so much at this that the dwarf at length felt sor-ry for her, so he said, "I will give you three days, and if in that time you find out my name, you shall keep your child."

All night long the queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and when the dwarf came the next day she told him a lot, but at each the dwarf said, "That is not my name."

The next day when the dwarf came she had more names, but to all he still said, "It is not my name."

Then she sent out a man through the land to see if he could find names that she had not yet used.

When he came back he said, "I have found no names, but as I came to a high hill near the edge of a wood, I saw a small house, in



*Rumpelstiltskin.*

front of which a fire burned, and round this fire a small old man danced on one leg and sang:

“To-day I brew, and then I'll bake,  
To-mor-row I shall the queen's child take;  
Oh! how glad I am that no one knows  
That Rum-pel-stilts-kin is my name.”

When the queen heard this she was full of joy. The dwarf came the next day and said, “Now, my la-dy queen, what is my name?”

First she said, “Is it John?”

“No,” said he.

“Is it James?”

“No.”

“May-be it is Rum-pel-stilts-kin.”

“A witch has told you! a witch has told you!” he screamed, and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground that he sank in up to his waist. Then in a great rage he took hold of his left leg with both hands to pull him-self out, and pulled so hard that he tore him-self in two.

So that was the end of him, and the queen kept her child.

# Hans in Luck.

HANS had worked for a man for six long years, and at the end of that time he said, "Sir, my time is up and I wish to go home, so please give me my pay."

"You have served me well," said the man, "so you shall have a good sum for your pay," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans put the gold in a cloth, and slung it up-on his back, and went on his way home.

He met a man on a horse, and he said to him that he wished he could ride too. "It is as if one sat in a chair, and yet one gets on," he told the man.

"Well," said the man, "You need not walk. You can have my horse if you give me that gold."

"I will do it, and thank you," said Hans.

The man took the gold, and helped Hans to get up on the horse. "When you want

*Hans in Luck.*

to go fast," said the man, "you have just to click your tongue, and say 'Get up!'"



HANS GETS PAID FOR SIX YEARS' WORK.

Hans went on for a while at a slow gait, but then he thought he would like to try the speed of his horse, so he began to click his

*Hans in Luck.*

tongue and say "Get up!" The horse set off at a smart trot, and the first thing Hans



HANS AND THE MAN WITH THE HORSE.

knew he was pitched in to a ditch that ran at the side of the road. The horse made a start to run, and would have got a-way if it

*Hans in Luck.*

had not been caught by a man who came by leading a cow.

Hans said he wished he had that cow in



THE HORSE THROWS HANS INTO THE DITCH AND STARTS TO RUN.

place of a beast that kicked and plunged so that a man was like-ly to break his neck.

"Well," said the man, "I will give it to you for your horse."

Hans said, "All right," and the man got on the horse, and was soon out of sight.

Hans was full of joy as he drove his cow

*Hans in Luck.*

a-long. "I can now al-ways have but-ter and cheese with my bread," said he, "and if I am dry, I need but to milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

The day grew hot, and Hans got dry. "Now is the time," he thought, "to milk my cow, and put an end to my thirst with a good drink of milk."

He tried to milk the cow, but no milk would come, and soon she gave him such a kick that he fell on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was. At length a man came by with a pig, and helped Hans to his feet. Hans told him all that had passed, and he held out a flask and said, "Here take a drink. Your cow might well give no milk; she is an old beast, and good but for meat at the best."

"Well, well," said Hans, "who would have thought it. For my part, I don't like cow's flesh; it's too tough. But a young pig like yours is the thing that tastes right."

"Well now, for love of you," said the man, "I will let you have my pig for your cow."

*Hans in Luck.*



HANS TRIES TO GET A DRINK FROM THE COW.

"God bless you for your kind heart," said Hans, and he gave up the cow, and took in his hand the string with which the pig was led.

On he went, full of joy. Soon he met a boy with a goose, and stopped to have a talk with him. The boy told him he was tak-ing

Hans stopped to look at him, and at length he said to the man, "Your trade must be a good one, since you sing at your work with such a light heart."

"Yes," said the man, "this work pays well. A man who grinds knives is one who finds gold in his purse each time he puts his hand in it. But where did you get that fine goose, if I may ask you?"

"I gave my pig for it," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"I gave my cow for it."

"And the cow?"

"I gave my horse for her."

"And the horse?"

"For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"That was my pay for six years of work."

"You have done well for your-self, to be sure," said the man. "Now if you were like me, and could find gold in your purse each time you put your hand in it, you would be a made man."

*Hans in Luck.*



"THERE IS A FINE STONE TO HAMMER YOUR OLD NAILS STRAIGHT ON."

"How shall I do that?" asked Hans.

"All you want is a stone to grind knives on. I have one that is not quite new, so I will let you have it if you will give me your goose. Would that suit you?"

*Hans in Luck.*

"How can you ask me?" said Hans." I will do it with joy. If I can find gold in my purse each time I put my hand in it, what else shall I have to care for?" And he gave the man the goose, and took the stone from him.

"Now," said the man, as he took up a plain field stone which lay near, "there is a fine stone which will be just the thing to hammer your old nails straight on. Take it with you too."

Hans raised the stone, and marched off in great glee. "I must have been born to a heap of good luck," said he, "for all things turn out just as I wish to have them."

But he had been on his legs since day-break, and the weight of the stones soon made him tired and weak. He could not keep out of his mind the thought, "How nice it would be now if I had not these to drag with me."

Just then he came to a well, and thought he must stop to have a drink. He set the stones down by the brink of the well, and

*Hans in Luck.*



stooped down to drink. As he did so, he gave the stones, by chance, a slight push, and they fell in the well.

As he saw them go down, Hans gladly sprang up, and then, with tears of joy in his eyes, fell on his knees to give thanks that in so nice a way, and with no fault on his part he had got rid of the load that had made him so tired.

And then with a light heart, and free from all care, he ran on at the top of his speed till he reached his home.

# The Cat Who Married a Mouse.

ONCE on a time there was a cat who made friends with a mouse, and talked so much to her of the love he had for her that at length she agreed to be his wife and keep house for him.

"We must lay in a stock of food," said the cat, "so that I shall not have to go out when it storms. You must not stir out at all, for fear you may get caught in a trap."

So he went out and bought a jar of fat, and put it in the church. "No one will steal it from there," said he, "and we will not touch it till we need it."

But in a short time the cat began to long for it, and he said to the mouse, "I have a friend who means to christen a son at the church to-day, and I wish to be there."

"Oh, yes! go, by all means," said the mouse. What the cat said was not true, he had no

*The Cat Who Married a Mouse.*

friend at the church. But he went there and ate the top off the jar of fat. He went home at the end of the day, and the mouse asked him what name they gave the child.

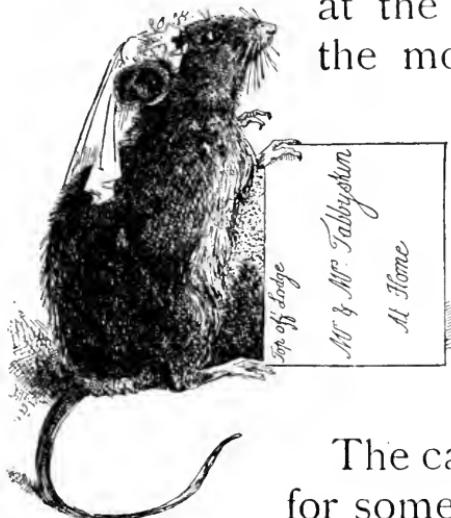
"*Top-off*," said the cat.

"Why, that is a strange name!" said the mouse.

The cat soon be-gan to long for some more of the fat. "I must leave you once more," he said to the mouse. "I have been asked a-gain by a friend to see a child named."

The mouse said, "All right," so the cat crept be-hind the wall to the church a-gain, and ate the fat till the jar was not more than half full. "How nice a thing tastes when one eats it by one's self," he said, and he was well pleased with his day's work.

When he came home, the mouse asked what name they gave this child.



*The Cat Who Married a Mouse.*

"*Half-out*," said the cat.

"That is a strange name too," said the mouse.

It was not long before the cat went to the church a third time, and ate up all the fat. When he came home and the mouse asked the name of the child, he said, "*All-out*."



"That is the strangest name of all," said the mouse.

It got cold, and food was scarce. "Come," said the mouse, "let us go to

our jar of fat now; it will taste good to us."

"Yes, in-deed, it will," said the cat. "It will taste just as if you stuck your fine lit-tle tongue out of the win-dow."

They set out at once, and when they came to the church, there stood the jar, but no fat in it.

"Ah!" said the mouse, "now I can see

*The Cat Who Married a Mouse.*

what it all meant as clear as day ; you are indeed a true friend ! There was not a word of truth in what you said. You ate it all when you went to the church ; first *Top-off*, then *Half-out*, then — ”

“ Say one word more and I will eat you too,” said the cat.

“ *All-out*” was on the tip of her tongue, and before the poor mouse could stop it, came out. The cat made a spring, seized her, and put an end to her.

And this you will learn is quite the way of the world.



# The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.

IN a small town there once lived an old dame. One day she had some beans to cook, so she built a fire on the hearth, and to make it burn fast threw on some straw. As she poured the beans in-to the pot, one of them dropped on the floor and rolled near a straw. Soon a red-hot coal popped from the fire, and fell near the bean and the straw.

Then the straw spoke. "Good friends," said he, "where did you come from?"

"I had the good luck to jump out of the fire," said the coal. "If I had not done so, I should have been burnt to death."

Then the bean said, "I had the luck to get off with a whole skin, too. If the old dame had put me in the pot, I should have been boiled to death with the rest of the beans."

"And I too!" cried the straw. "My fate would have been quite as sad if I had not

*The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.*

slipped from the old dame's hands. All my broth-ers went up in fire and smoke—six-ty at one time.

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," said the bean, "that as we have all had the same good luck in sav-ing our lives, we had best stick to-gether as friends, and be-fore we get in-to worse scrapes, take a trip to strange

parts, and see some of the world."

This plan pleased the coal and the straw and the three set out at once.



*The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.*

They had not gone far when they came to a small stream, and they were at loss to know how they should cross it. At last the straw said," I will lay my-self a-cross the stream, and you can walk on me as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched him-self from one bank to the other. The coal, who had a good deal of fire in his na-ture, tripped out on the new bridge, but when he had got half way, he was seized with fright, stopped short, and dared not take a step more. The straw be-gan to burn, broke in two, and fell in the stream, and the coal slipped aft-er him.

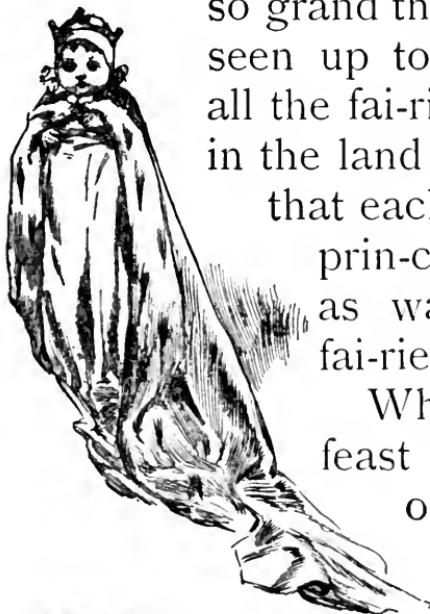
The bean was so mean to laugh at their bad luck, and it laughed so hard that its sides burst. Now they would all have been done for a like, if a tailor had not come that way. He felt sor-ry for the bean, so he sewed it up. The bean thanked him, but as he had used black thread to sew with, from that day to this each bean has a black mark on it.

# The Sleeping Beauty.

ONCE on a time there lived a king and a queen who were sad because they had no child. At length, when years had gone by, they had their wish—a girl child was born to them, and their joy knew no bounds.

The king, to show how much pleased he was, gave a feast when the child was named, so grand that none like it had been seen up to that time. He asked all the fairies that could be found in the land to come to the feast, so that each might give the baby princess some choice gift, as was the way with good fairies in those days.

When they sat down to the feast there was set in front of each fairy a dish of pure gold, set with rich gems, as well as a



THE BABY PRINCESS.

## *The Sleeping Beauty.*



THE OLD FAIRY ARRIVES.

plate, knife, fork, and spoon of gold. But just as they took their seats, in-to the hall came an old fai-ry who had not been asked, be-cause two score of years past she had gone off on a long trip, and had not since been heard of till this day.

The king had a place made for her, but plain ware had to be put on for her, as but sev-en of the gold sets had been made. The old fairy looked on this as a slight, and made some dire threats in a low voice. A young fai-ry who sat near her, heard how she found fault, and feared she might give the child

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

some e-vil gift; so she went and hid be-hind the hang-ings, so that she might speak last, and thus un-do, as far as she could, the harm the old fai-ry might try to bring to pass.

When the feast drew near its end the sev-en good fai-ries be-gan to be-stow their gifts on the child. The first wished that she might be good: the sec-ond, that she might be wise; the third, that she might be fair, and so on, till well nigh all good things that could be wished for had been giv-en.

Then the old fai-ry's turn came. She walked to the mid-dle of the room, and with raised hand cried out, "My gift to the child is—that when she is fif-teen years old, she shall pierce her hand with a spin-dle, and die of the wound." Then she turned, went out of the hall, and was seen no more.

Her aw-ful gift put all in a



BEHIND THE HANGINGS.

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

fright, and the king and queen and all the court began to cry and weep.

But the young fai-ry who had staid be-hind



THE OLD FAIRY'S WORDS CAUSE ALL TO WEEP.

the hang-ings now came forth. She could not un-do in full the work of the old fairy, but she could make the doom of the prin-cess less hard. "She shall not die," she said, "but a deep sleep shall fall on her, which shall last a hun-dred years."

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

To save his child from this sad fate, the king caused all the spin-dles in the land to be burnt. As the child grew up, all the good wish-es of the fai-ries came true; she was fair, wise, and good, and was loved by all who knew her.

It came to pass that on the day that she was fif-teen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and she was left to roam at will through the cas-tle. She seized the chance to see parts of it in which she had nev-er been be-fore, and went from room to room till she came to an old tow-er. She went up the stairs till she came to a small door. She turned the key, the door flew o-pen, and there in the room sat an old wom-an spin-ning flax.

“How do you do, my good old la-dy?” said the prin-cess. “What are you do-ing?”

“I am spin-ning,” said the wom-an.

“What is that queer thing that flies round so fast?” asked the princess, and she took the spin-dle in her hand as if she too would spin. She had no more than touched the spin-dle

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

when the bad wish came true — the point of the spin-dle pricked her hand, and she fell back as if she were dead on a bed that stood near. At the same time a deep sleep fell on all in the cas-tle.

The king and queen, who had just come in, went to sleep in the hall, and all their suite with them. The beasts in their stalls, the doves on the roof, the flies on wall, yes, and e-ven the fire on the hearth, all ceased to stir and went to sleep. The meat stopped roasting, and the cook, who had raised his hand to cuff the boy who helped him, dropped his arm and went to sleep too. The wind died down, and not a leaf stirred on the trees near the cas-tle.

Soon a thick hedge of thorns sprang up, and grew so high, as years passed, that it hid the cas-tle from sight, and not so much as the flag that waved from the tow-er could be seen.

But the tale of the sleep-ing Bri-er Rose, as the prin-cess was called, spread through the land, and from time to time sons of kings

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

tried to reach the cas-tle; but one and all failed, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the young men died there be-cause they could not get free.

Years and years passed, and an-oth-er king's son came to that part of the land. An old man who lived near the hedge told him of the cas-tle and the fair prin-cess, called Bri-er Rose, who had slept in it for a hun-dred years, and with her the king and queen and all their court. The old man told him too how he had heard from his grand-fa-ther of the young men who had lost their lives try-ing to pierce the



THE OLD MAN AND THE PRINCE.

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

hedge. The young prince cried out, "I have no fear. I will find the fair Bri-er Rose."

The good old man tried to talk him out of it, but he would not hear a word.

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years when Bri-er Rose would wake from her sleep. As the prince drew near the

hedge, in place of thorns he saw on-ly flow-ers. In the court-yard he saw the hor-ses and dogs as they lay sleep-ing. He went in the cas-tle; all was still, the flies slept on the wall, the cook, and near him the kitch-en boy, and the maid, all slept.



He went on and in the hall he found the cour-tiers sleep-ing and near the throne lay the king and queen. He went from room to room, but heard no sound. At last he came to the room in the tow-er in which the prin-cess was sleep-ing.

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

He o-pened the door: there she, lay, look-ing so fair he could not take his eyes from her. He stooped and kissed her; at this Bri-er Rose o-pened her eyes, woke up, and smiled at the prince.

Hand in hand they went out of the tower. They found the king and queen and all the court-i-ers a-wake, and star-ing one at an-oth-er in sur-prise, and the whole cas-tle was once more in mo-tion as if noth-ing had oc-curred, for the hun-dred years of sleep had made no change in an-y one.

By and by there was a grand wed-ding. The young prince made Bri-er Rose his wife, and they lived full of joy to the end of their days. .



## Old Sultan.

THERE was once a man who had a good dog called Sul-tan. He was so old that he had lost all his teeth, and so could not seize or hold an-y thing. One day the man said to his wife, as they stood at the door of the house, "Old Sul-tan is of no use now; I mean to shoot him in the morn-ing."

His wife felt sad for the poor dog, and said, "He has been a good dog all these years, and we ought to give him food and a home in his old age."

"What is that?" said the man. "Are you out of your mind? He has not a tooth in his head; he is of no use as a watch-dog, and now he can go. He may have served us well, but for that we have fed him all his life."

The poor dog, who lay in the sun not far from the door, heard all this talk, and felt sad to know that the next day would be the last of his life. He had one good friend out in

*Old Sultan.*

the woods, and that was the wolf; and now he went to see him and tell him what he had to face.

"Don't feel bad, old chap," said the wolf. "I can help you in your need. At dawn the man and his wife will go out to make hay, and will take their child along, as there is no one at home to take care of it. While they are at work they will place the child in the hedge. You must lie down near it as if to watch it. I will rush out of the woods, seize the child, and drag it off. You must spring at me as if you would tear it from me, and I will let it fall, and you can bring it back to the man and his wife. They will think you have saved its life, and feel they owe you so much that they will not want to see you come to harm."

The dog liked this plan, and it was done. The man was full of grief when he saw the



OLD SULTAN AND THE WOLF.

*Old Sultan.*

wolf run through the field with his child; but when old Sul-tan brought it back, he was glad, and he stroked his back, and said, "Not a hair of you shall be harmed. You shall be fed and cared for as long as you live." Then he said to his wife, "Go home and cook some bread and milk for him, for he will not need teeth for that, and bring the pil-low from my bed, I will let him have it to lie on."

From that time old Sul-tan had all that heart could wish for.

One day the wolf came to see him, and said, "Of course you would not let on to see me if I came and took a sheep from your mas-ter's flock."

"You must not count on that," said Sul-tan  
"I will be true to my mas-ter, and let no one steal from him."

The wolf thought this was a joke of Sul-tan's, and he came that night to steal a sheep. But Sul-tan had told the man, and he caught the wolf and beat him well. The wolf was so mad at Sul-tan for this that he sent him a chal-lenge to meet him in the woods and

*Old Sultan.*

fight. The chal-lenge was brought by a wild boar, who was to be the wolf's sec-ond in the fight.

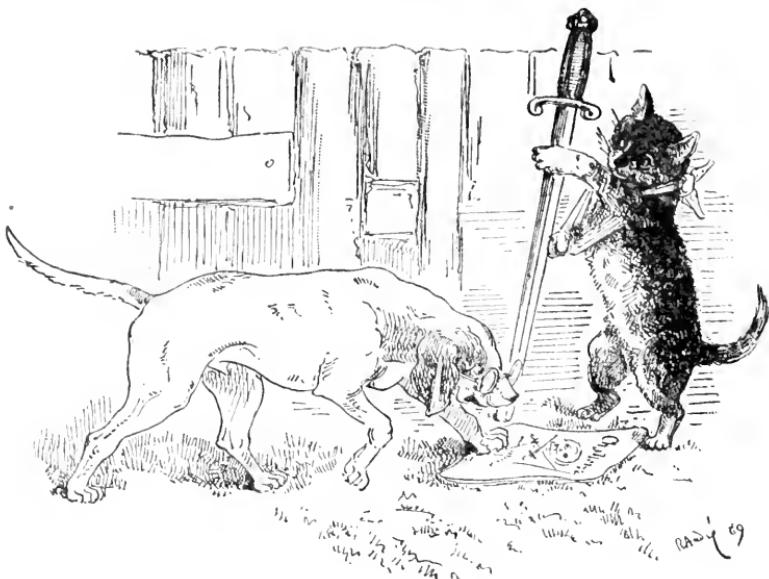
Poor old Sul-tan could find no one to stand by him but a cat that had but three legs. But they set out with-out fear, the cat limping on its three legs, and its tail stuck high in the air.



THE WILD BOAR BRINGS A CHALLENGE.

The wolf and the boar were on the spot that had been named, but when they saw the pair com-ing, they thought Sul-tan had a big sword, be-cause they saw in front the tail of the cat, and each time the poor thing limped on its three legs, they thought he was go-ing to pick up a great stone to throw at them. They were both scared, and the boar crept un-der some leaves, and the wolf climbed up a tree. When the dog and the cat came to the spot, they did not know what had be-come of their foes. But one of the boar's ears stuck out, and the cat saw it twitch. It

*Old Sultan.*



OLD SULTAN AND HIS SECOND

looked like a mouse, and the cat made a spring and gave it a good bite. The boar gave a scream of pain, and ran off to the woods, cry-ing, "There is the guil-ty one, up in the tree.

The dog and the cat looked up and saw the wolf, who was so full of shame for his acts that he was glad to come down and make peace with the dog.

# The Twelve Brothers.

ONCE on a time there lived a king and a queen who had twelve boys. One day the king said to the queen, "If our next child should be a girl, our twelve sons must die, so that she may have the crown."

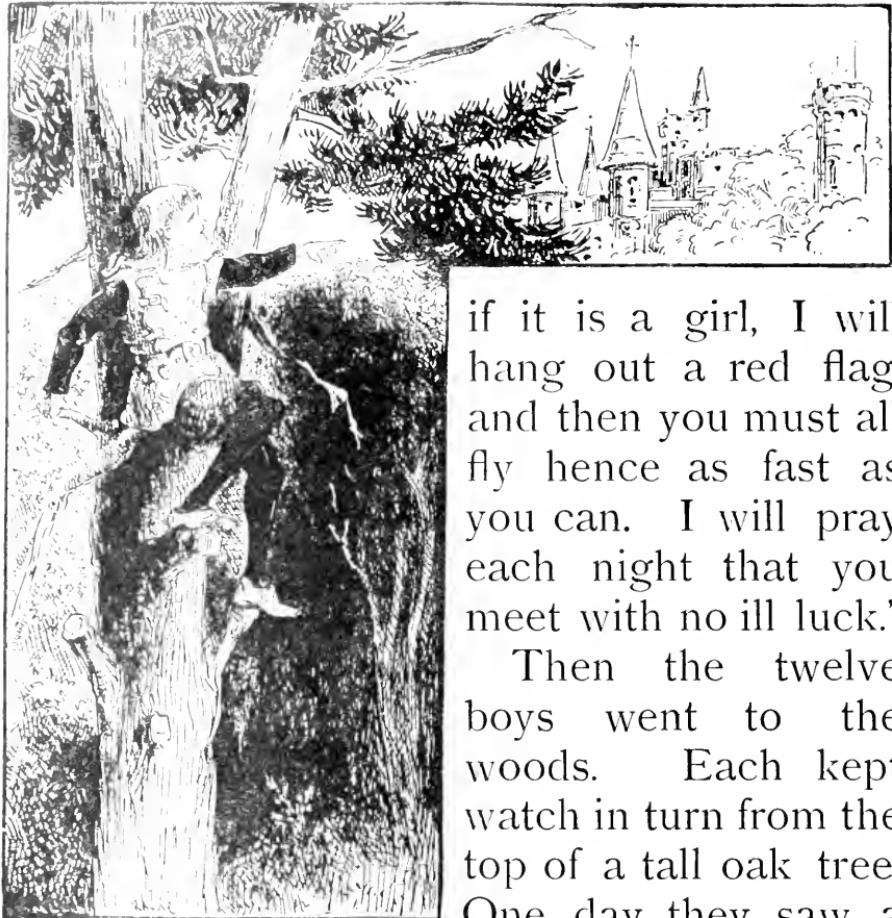
The queen was sad, and mourned day and night. One day the young-est boy, who was with her all the time, asked, "Dear moth-er, why are you so sad?"

The queen would not tell him at first, but he kept on ask-ing, and at last she told him that he and his broth-ers were to be put to death in case they had a sis-ter.

He said, "Do not weep, dear moth-er. I and my broth-ers will go from here, so that we may not be put to death."

The queen said, "Yes, go. Stay in the woods near by, and if a son is born, I will hang out a white flag, so that you may know that it is safe for you to come home; but

*The Twelve Brothers.*



if it is a girl, I will hang out a red flag, and then you must all fly hence as fast as you can. I will pray each night that you meet with no ill luck."

Then the twelve boys went to the woods. Each kept watch in turn from the top of a tall oak tree. One day they saw a red flag hung out,

which meant that a girl was born, and they must all die if they went home.

Then they went deep in the woods, and there found a small house which they made

WATCHIN G FOR THE FLAG.

*The Twelve Brothers.*

their home. For food they shot hares and birds and what else they could find.

Ten years passed, and by that time the queen's child had grown to be quite a big girl. She was fair of face, and had a kind heart. Once, when there was a great wash, she saw twelve shirts on the line, and she asked her mother, "Whose are those twelve shirts? They are much too small to be my father's."

Then the queen said, with a sad heart, "My dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers."

"Where are my twelve brothers? This is the first time I have heard of them," said the child.

Then the queen told her why she had not seen them, and she wept as she did so. "Do not cry, dear mother," said the child, "I will go forth and seek my brothers."

She took the twelve shirts and set forth for the wood at once. All day she walked on, and at night she came to the hut where her brothers lived. She went in, and there

*The Twelve Brothers.*

she saw a young lad, who asked her, “ Whence do you come, and what do you want?”

She said, “ I am the child of a king, and I seek my twelve broth-ers, and will go as far as the sky is blue till I find them.” Then she showed him the twelve shirts she had with her, and he knew it must be his sis-ter, and told her who he was. At his words she wept for joy, and he wept too.

When the rest of the broth-ers came home, they were glad to find their sis-ter there, and they kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

She staid at home with one of the broth-ers and took care of the house and the cook-ing, while the rest went to catch game in the woods. One day she got up a fine feast. Near the house was a small gar-den in which grew twelve lil-ies. She thought it would please her broth-ers if she gave each of them a flow-er, so she broke off the twelve lil-ies. But as she did so, the twelve boys were changed in-to twelve crows, and flew off. The house, too, was gone, and the girl stood

*The Twelve Brothers.*

a-lone in a wild wood. All at once she saw an old wom-an, who said, " My child, what have you done? The twelve lil-ies were your



THE BROTHERS ARE GLAD TO FIND THEIR SISTER

broth-ers, and now they have be-come crows, and will stay so."

The girl wept, and asked, " Is there no way to set them free?"

*The Twelve Brothres.*

"There is but one thing in all the world," said the old wom-an, "and that is too hard for you to do. You must be dumb for six years. If you speak as much as one word or laugh in all that time, you can not free them."



Then the girl said in her heart, "I know I shall set my broth-  
ers free." She found a tall tree, in which she could live, and here she sat and spun, but did not speak or laugh.

One day a king rode by who had a dog with him, and it ran to the tree where

the girl was and barked. The king came up, and as soon as he saw the fair girl he fell

*The Twelve Brothers.*

in love with her, and asked her if she would be his bride. She made no answer except to nod her head. Then the king him-self climbed the tree, brought her down, and rode off with her to his pal-ace.

The wed-ding soon took place with great pomp, but the bride did not speak or laugh.

Two years that were full of joy passed, but one day the king's step-moth-er, who was not a good wom-an, began to speak ill of the young queen. "This is some low girl that you have made your wife," said she. "Who knows for what crime she may have been turned out of her home? If she is dumb and can't speak, she might at least laugh. One that does not laugh must have some-thing bad on her mind."

The king would not hear her at first, but the old wom-an talked so much that at last she made the king think as she did, and the queen was doomed to death.

She was bound to a stake, and a great fire was made in which she was to burn. But just as the flames rose to scorch her, the six

*The Twelve Brothers.*

years in which she was to be dumb came to an end. She heard a great whirr in the air, and when she looked up she saw twelve crows that flew to-ward her. The instant they touched the earth, they were changed to her twelve broth-ers whom she had set free.

They ran up to the fire, and drew the wood from the pile, and put out the flames. And now that she could speak and laugh, she told the king why she had been dumb for six years.

The king was glad to find out the truth, and now he loved his wife more than at first. They lived in great joy all their lives, but the bad step-moth-er met the death to which she had tried to send the queen.

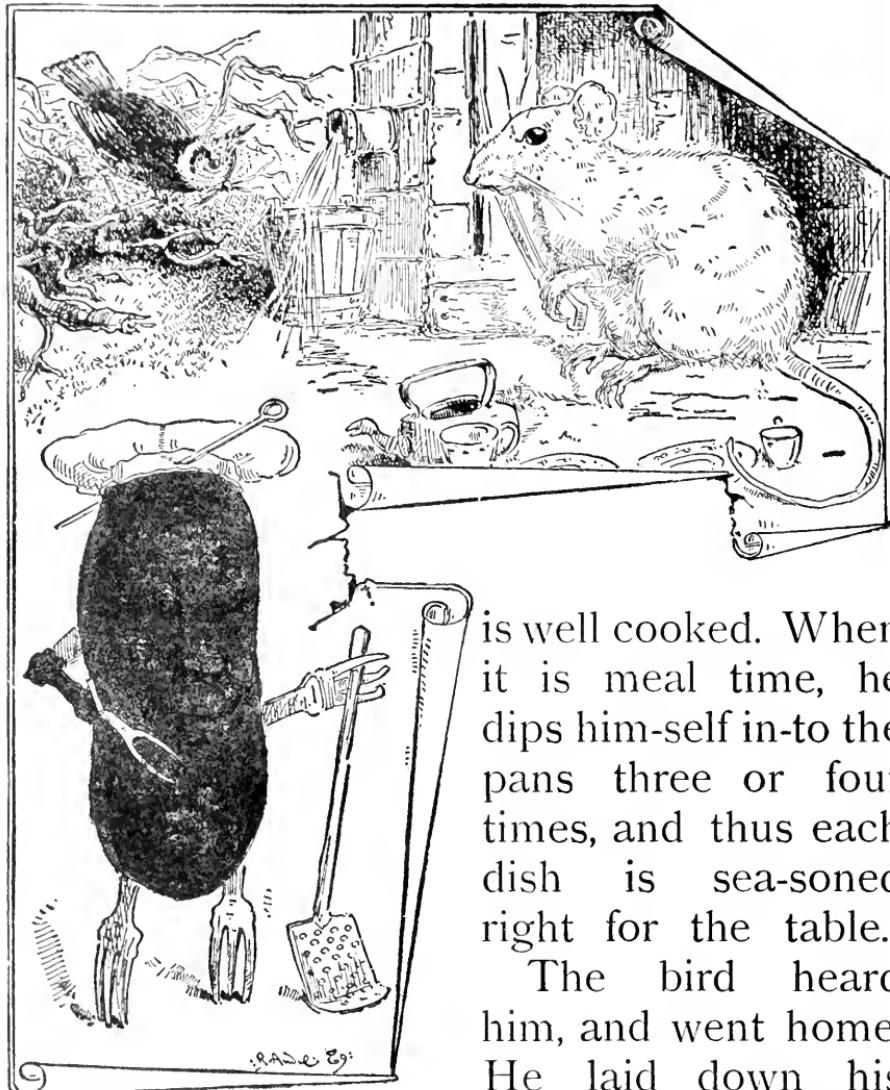


# The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage

ONCE on a time a mouse, a bird, and a sau-sage struck up a friend-ship, and all lived in peace in one house.

It was the work of the bird to go to the woods each day and fetch wood, the mouse brought the water and made the fire, while the sau-sage staid at home and cooked the meals. There are few so well off that they do not long for some-thing bet-ter, and thus it was with the bird. One day he met a bird on the way to the wood, whom he told a-bout the way he lived, and that bird said to him that he was a fool to do so much hard work while the mouse and the sau-sage had such a good time at home. "For, said he," when the mouse has brought the wa-ter and made the fire, she can go to her room and rest till called to the table. And the sau-sage has but to sit by the stove and see that the food

*The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.*



is well cooked. When it is meal time, he dips him-self in-to the pans three or four times, and thus each dish is sea-soned right for the table."

The bird heard him, and went home. He laid down his pack of wood, and they all sat down, ate a good meal, and then went to bed and slept

*The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.*

till dawn. But the next day the bird would not go for wood. He said he had been their slave long e-nough; he was a fool to have done so much work; there must be a change; some plan that was more fair must be tried.

The mouse and the sau-sage found fault with these words, but the bird was mas-ter. So they drew lots, and it fell to the sau-sage to fetch wood, the mouse to cook, and the bird to bring the wa-ter.

What took place? The sau-sage went for the wood; the bird made the fire; the mouse put on the pot, and then they two sat down to wait for the sau-sage to come back with the wood for the next day.

But the sau-sage was gone so long they feared he must have met with ill luck, so the bird went to meet him. Not far off he met a dog who owned up that he had eat-en the sau-sage. The bird felt sad at this, and took up the wood and went home. He told the mouse all he had seen and heard, and they grieved o-ver the loss of their friend.

But they thought they would try to make

*The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.*

the best of it, so the bird set the ta-ble, while the mouse fixed the food. She wished to sea-son the broth as she had seen the sau-sage do, so she swung her-self in-to the pot, but she had scarce reached the mid-dle when her hair and skin came off, and she fell down dead.

When the bird came to dish up the food, no cook was to be seen. He threw the wood on all sides in his search, but she was not to be found. The bird took no care where he threw the wood, and some fell on the fire and be-gan to blaze. He flew for some wa-ter. As he stooped in haste o-ver the brook, the pail fell in, and he was pulled in with it and drowned.

*"Let well e-nough a-lone."*



# Tales about Elves

## FIRST TALE.

A SHOE-MA-KER, through no fault of his own, once grew so poor that he had only as much stuff left as would make one pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes at night so that he could set to work the next day.

But when he got up at dawn and went to work, he found the pair of shoes laid on his bench all made. He did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hands, and looked at them with care, but he could not find one poor stitch; they were as good as could be.

A man soon came in who bought them, and thought they were so good a pair that he paid a high price for them. The shoe-maker could now buy stuff for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out at night to lose no time, but there was no need of this, for when

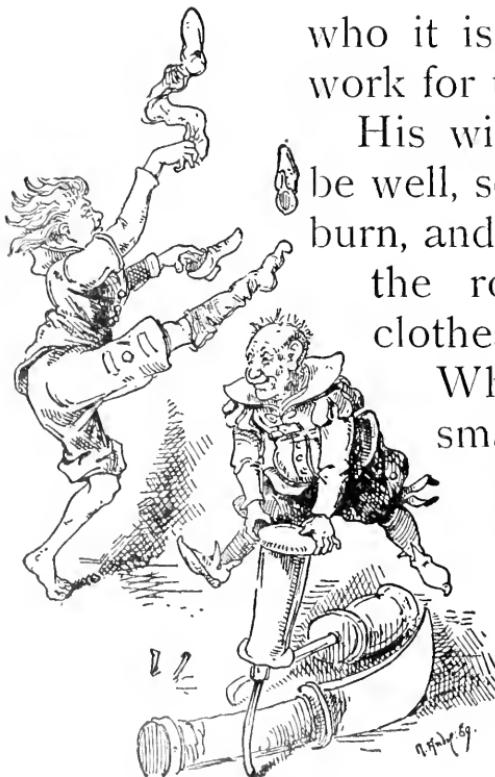
*Tales About Elves.*

he got up next day they were made. Be-fore night he sold these, and could then buy stuff for four pairs of shoes. At dawn he found them made, and thus it went on, day by day. In this way he did well, and in the end got rich.

One night he said to his wife, "How would it do for us to sit up and see who it is - that does all this work for us?"

His wife thought it would be well, so they set a light to burn, and hid at one end of the room, be-hind some clothes that hung there.

When it was late, two small elves came in and went to work. They had no clothes on, though it was the cold part of the year. They did the work up fast, and then went a-way.



THE ELVES ARE GLAD TO GET THEIR NEW CLOTHES.

*Tales About Elves.*

The next day the wife said, "Those elves have made us rich, and we ought to make them a gift. I know what we shall do. They must be cold with-out clothes, so I will make shirts, coats, pants, and socks for them and you shall make each a pair of shoes." The man thought this a good plan, and by night the gifts were all made. They laid them on the bench, and then hid to see how the elves would act.

At mid-night they came in, and when they went to look for the stuff to work with, they found their nice clothes in its place. They put them on in great glee, and danced and hopped a-bout, and jumped o-ver the bench and the chairs, and sang. At last they danced out of the room, and aft-er that they were seen no more.

But all went well with the shoe-ma-ker, and he had good luck as long as he lived.

SECOND TALE.

THERE was once a poor maid who worked hard and was ver-y neat. The house and the

*Tales About Elves.*

yard were swept with care, and the dirt was put in a heap and car-ried a-way.

One day she found a note, and as she could not read she took it to her mas-ter. It turned out to be a note from the elves to ask her to come and be god-moth-er to one of their chil-dren. The maid did not at first know what to do, but at length made up her mind to go.

Three elves came who took her to a hollow mount-ain where they lived. All the things in their home were small, but rich and fine. The maid stood god-moth-er to the child, and then she wished to go home; but the elves begged her to stay with them three days. So she staid, and the days went by joy-ful-ly with her. When the time came for her to go, the elves gave her a lot of gold, and led her out of the mount-ain.

When she got back to the house, she took her broom and set to work. But strange peo-ple came to her and asked who she was, and what she did there. Then she found out that she had been in the home of the elves



THE MAID BECOMES GODMOTHER TO THE CHILD OF THE LIVES

*Tales About Elves.*

sev-en years in place of three days, and that while she was gone her old mas-ter had died.

THIRD TALE.

THERE was once a moth-er who had the dear-est lit-tle babe in the world, but one day the elves came and ran off with it, and in its place left a change-ling, with a great big head and star-ing eyes, who did nothing but eat and drink all the day long.



THE CHANGELING.

The moth-er was full of grief, and told her neigh-bors of her sad piece of ill luck, and asked if they could tell her what she ought to do.

One of them told her to set the strange child in front of the hearth, build a fire, and boil some milk in two egg-shells. "This will

*Tales About Elves.*

make the child laugh," said the neighbor, "and if he once laughs it will be all o-ver with him."

The woman did as she was told. As soon as she put the egg-shells in place, the strange child sang out:

"Old am I as the old-est tree,  
But to cook in egg-shells is new to me."

Then he be-gan to laugh, and as he laughed there came in a whole crowd of elves. To the great joy of the moth-er, they brought back her own child, and placed it on the hearth, and took the strange one off with them.



# The Town Musicians of Bremen.

THERE was once an ass who for a long term of years had to take the bags to the mill. When his strength at last gave out, the man who owned him thought to sell him for his hide, but the ass saw that an ill wind was blowing, so one day he set out on the road to Bre-men, where he thought he might play mu-sic in the town band.

He had gone but a mile or so when he met a dog, who gasped as if he had run a long way. "Why do you pant so?" asked the ass.

"A-las!" said the dog, "Now that I am too old and weak to join in the hunt, my mas-ter wished to kill me, so I ran a-way; but how am I to earn my bread?"

"Would you like to know? I am on my way to Bre-men to join the town band. You might go with me, and, take up mu-sic too. I will play the lute, and you can beat the

*The Town Musicians of Bremen.*

drum." The dog said Yes to this, and they went on. They soon met a cat that looked very sad. "What ails you?" said the ass.

"How can one feel gay that has had a close shave for his life?" said the cat. "I am old, and I like better to sit by the fire than to go out and hunt mice, so my mis-tress tried to drown me. I got off, but how am I to find food?"

"Come with us to Bre-men, and join the town band," said the ass.

The cat thought the plan a good one, and went with them. As they passed a farm-yard, they saw a cock who crowed with all his might. "Why do you make so much noise?" asked the ass.

"Why, I just heard the cook say she meant to make soup of me to-day; so I mean to crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"You have a fine voice," said the ass. "Come with us to Bre-men, and join the town band."

The cock was pleased, and soon the four were on the way. But they could not reach

*The Town Musicians of Bremen.*

Bre-men in one day, so when night came they stopped in a wood to rest. The cock flew to the top of a tree, and from there he saw a light in a house near by. He told the oth-ers, and the ass said they ought to go and see what sort of place it was. They went, and as the ass was the tall-est, he looked in and saw some men at a table spread with fine food,

They all wished for some of the food, but did not know how to get it. At last they thought of a plan. The ass was to put his fore-feet on the win-dow sill, the dog to spring on the back of the ass, the cat on the dog, and the cock was to perch on the cat's head. Then the ass was to bray, the dog to bark, the cat to howl, and the cock to crow, all at once. They did this, and then sprang through the win-dow, and made the glass fly on all sides.

The men, who were a gang of thieves, sprang up in great fright, and fled for their lives. Then the four friends sat down and ate up the food. When all was gone, they put out light, and lay down to rest. The ass

*The Town Musicians of Bremen.*

lay down in the yard, the dog near the door, the cat by the fire, and the cock perched on on a beam.

When it got late one of the thieves stole back to the house; and when he saw no light, and heard no noise, he went in. He saw the cat's eyes, as they shone in the dark, and thought they were live coals, so he stooped to light a match by them. But the cat flew at his face and scratched him, so he run out at the door. But be-fore he got out, the dog sprang up and bit his leg. As he passed the ass in the the yard, the ass gave him a kick, and all this time the cock kept up



*The Town Musicians of Bremen.*

a loud “Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!” and clapped his wings with all his might.

The thief was scared near to death, and ran to tell the tale to his friends. “A witch sits in the house,” he said. “She spat at me, and scratched me; a man stood by the door and ran a long knife in my leg; and out in the yard lay a black beast that struck me with a club, while up on the roof sat the judge, who cried, ‘Bring me the rogue;’ so I got off as fast as I could.”

From that time the thieves would not go near the house, and as the four friends liked it well, they made it their home for years.



# The Three Spinners.

THERE was once a pret-ty girl who did not like to spin, and her moth-er could not force her to do it, try as she might. At last the moth-er grew so cross that she struck the girl, and she set up in a loud cry that could be heard in the street.

Just then the queen went by, and when she heard the girl's screams she stopped and asked the moth-er why she beat her girl so hard. The moth-er did not like to tell her that the girl would not spin, so she said: "I whip her be-cause she will not cease to spin. She is al-ways at the wheel, and we are too poor to buy flax for her."

"I like to hear the wheel hum," said the queen. "Let her go with me to my cas-tle; I have lots of flax, and she can spin all she wants to."

The moth-er was pleased with this plan, and the girl went with the queen. When they

*The Three Spinners.*

reached the cas-tle, the queen took her to three rooms full of flax, and said, "Spin this flax, and when it is done you shall be the bride of my son, the prince."

The girl was in a fright, for she knew she could not spin the flax in her life-time, e-ven if she worked day and night. As soon as the queen left her she be-gan to weep, and she kept this up for three days. On the third day the queen came in, and knew not what to think when she found that the girl had not yet spun as much as one thread. But the girl made a plea that she had felt so sad to leave her home that she could not work. The queen was pleased that she loved her home, but said she must now be-gin to work.

When the girl was a-lone, she knew not what to do. She went to the win-dow, and there she saw three wom-en. The first one had a broad flat foot, the next one had a large lip, and the third had a broad thumb. They asked her what was the mat-ter, and she told them. She said they would help her if she would ask them to her feast on the day she

*The Three Spinners.*



was to wed the prince,  
call them her aunts, and let  
them sit at her table.

"With all my heart,"  
said the girl. "Come in  
and be-gin the work at  
once."

She let the strange wom-  
en in, and they be-gan to  
spin. One drew the thread  
and worked the wheel with  
her foot, an-oth-er wet the  
thread, while the third  
twist-ed it with her thumb.



*The Three Spinners.*

They had soon spun all the flax in the three rooms, and then went their ways.

When the queen found the flax all spun, she set the day for the wed-ding. The girl asked if her three aunts might come, and the queen said they might. So on the day of the feast the three wom-en came, dressed in fine clothes. When the prince saw them, he said, "Oh, how came you to have such ug-ly aunts?"

He went up to the one with the broad foot and asked, "Why have you so broad a foot?"

"From tread-ing the wheel," she said.

"Why have you so big a lip?" he asked the next one.

"From lick-ing the thread," she said.

"And why is your thumb so large?" he asked the third.

"From twisting the thread," she said.

The young prince then said that his pret-ty bride from hence forth must not touch a spin-ning wheel.

This was the girl's re-ward for having kept her word.

# Clever Hans.

ONE day Hans's moth-er saw him go-ing a-way, and she asked him, "Where do you mean to go, Hans?" "To Greth-el's" said Hans. "Well, act right, Hans." "I will take care; good-by, moth-er." "Good-by, Hans."

Then Hans came to Greth-el. "Good day," said he. "Good day," said Greth-el. "What have you brought me, Hans?" "I have not brought a thing. Have you some-thing to give me?" Greth-el gave Hans a pin. "Good-by," said he. "Good-by, Hans."

Hans took the pin, stuck it in a load of hay, and walked home be-hind the cart. When he got home he said, "Good eve-ning, moth-er." "Good eve-ning, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Greth-el's." "What did you give to Greth-el?" "Noth-ing, but she gave me a pin." "And where have you put it?" "In the load of hay." "You should not

*Clever Hans.*

have done that, Hans; you should have stuck it in your sleeve." "Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time."

The next time, Greth-el gave Hans a knife. When he reached home his moth-er asked, "What did you get this time, Hans?" "A knife," said Hans. "And where did you put it?" "In my sleeve." "You should not have done that, Hans; you should put knives in your pock-et." "Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time."

Hans soon went a-gain to Greth-el's, and Greth-el gave him a young goat. He tied its legs and put it in his pock-et, and just as he reached home it died for want of air. His moth-er asked, "What did you get this time, Hans?" "A goat." "And where did you put it Hans?" "In my pock-et." "You should not have done that, Hans; you should have tied it with a rope and led it home." "Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time."

The next time Greth-el gave Hans a piece of pork. Hans took the pork, tied it with a rope, and swung it to and fro so that the

*Clever Hans.*



THE DOGS EAT UP HANS'S PIECE OF PORK

dogs came and ate it up. When he reached home he held noth-ing but the rope in his hand. His moth-er asked, "What did you get this time, Hans?" "A piece of pork." Where did you put it?" "I tied it with a rope, swung it to and fro, and the dogs came and ate it up." "You should have car-ried it on your head." "Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time."

The next time Grethel gave Hans a calf. He set the calf on his head, and it kicked him in the face. When he told his moth-er of it,

*Clever Hans.*

she said, "You should not have done that, Hans, you should have led the calf home and put it in the stall." "Is that so? Well, I will do that next time."

The next time he went to see Greth-el, she said she would go home with him. He put a rope round her neck, led her home, and tied her in the stall. When his mother asked him what he had brought this time, he said, "I brought home Greth-el her-self." "And where have you left her?" "I tied her with a rope, put her in the stall, and threw in some grass." "You did not act right, Hans; you should have cast sheep's eyes at her." "Is that so? Well, I will do that now."

So Hans went to the barn, took all the eyes out of the sheep, and threw them in Greth-el's face. That made Greth-el so cross that she broke loose, ran a-way, and became the bride of some one else.

# The Seven Crows.

THERE was once a man who had sev-en boys, but no girl. At last a girl was born, but she was so weak and small that it was thought best to bap-tize her at once, lest she should die. The sev-en boys were sent to the well for wa-ter. Each wished to draw the wa-ter, and in their strife the pail fell in-to the well. Then they feared to go in the house, and the fa-ther grew cross be-cause they did not come. "I wish they would all change to crows," he said; and the words were no more than out of his mouth, when the boys were changed to crows, and flew off.

This made the fa-ther grieve, but all the more did he love the girl, who soon grew strong and fair. When she be-came a big girl, she learned the fate of her broth-ers, and it made her sad. At last she left home to try to find them, and break the spell that bound them.

*The Seven Crows.*

She went from one end of the earth to the oth-er, but she did not find her broth-ers. Then she came to the sun, but it was hot and scorched her, so she ran to the moon. But there it was so cold that she went to the stars, who were kind to her. Each star sat on a small seat, and the morn-ing star rose and gave her a key, say-ing, “If you do not have this key, you can not o-pen the ice-berg in which your broth-ers are shut up.”

But the girsl lost the key, and could not o-pen the ice-berg. She bent her fin-ger and put it in the door, and by good luck it un-locked it. When she en-tered, she saw a dwarf, who said, “My child, what do you seek?”

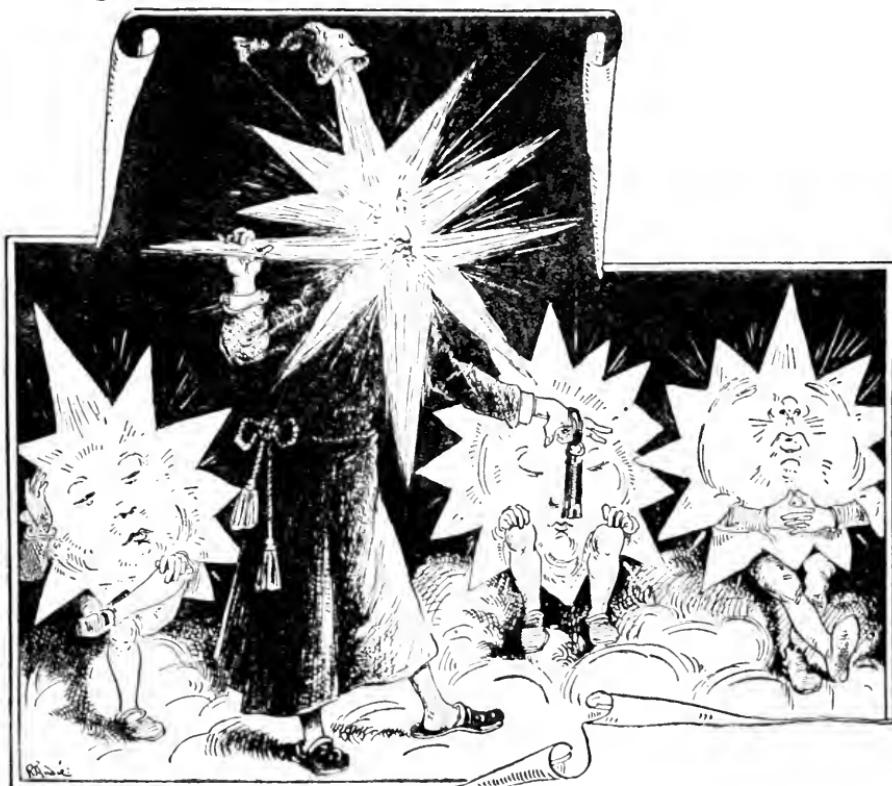
“I seek my broth-ers, the sev-en crows,” she said.

“They are not at home” said the dwarf, “but if you wish to wait for them to re-turn, you may come in and sit down.”

The girl wait-ed, and while she did so, she ate some food from each of sev-en plates which the dwarf had set for the crows, and

*The Seven Crows.*

drank from each of sev-en cups. In the last cup she dropped a ring which she had brought with her.



"THE MORNING STAR ROSE AND GAVE HER A KEY."

All at once she heard a whirr in the air, and the dwarf said, "The sev-en crows are now fly-ing home."

Soon they came in, and be-gan to eat and

*The Seven Crows.*

drink, each seek-ing his own plate and cup. Then one said to the oth-er, "Who has been eat-ing from my plate? Who has been drink-ing from my cup? There has been a hu-man mouth here."

When the sev-enth came to the bot-tom of his cup, the ring rolled out. He looked at it, and knew it as a ring that had be-longed to his par-ents, and said, "Can it be that our sis-ter is here? Then we are set free!"

When the girl, who had stood be-hind the door, heard these words, she stepped out, and at once the spell was brok-en. The sev-en crows changed to sev-en fine young men, and they em-braced and kissed their sis-ter, and in great joy they all set out at once for their home.



# The Wolf and the Six Little Kids

THERE was once an old goat who had six kids, of whom she was as fond as a moth-er could be.

One day she had to go out to get some food for them, so she called them all to her, and said, “Dear young ones, I must go out and get some food for you. Be on your guard that the wolf don’t come in the house; for if he does, he will eat you all up. He will try in all ways to fool you, but you can tell him with ease by his rough voice and his black feet.”

“Dear moth-er,” said the kids, “you need have no fear; we will take good care not to let the wolf in.”

So the old goat said good-by, and went off with her mind at rest.

It was not long when the kids heard a knock at the door, and some one cried,

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

"O-pen the door, dear young ones; your moth-er has come home, and has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

But the kids knew by the rough voice that



THE WOLF BUYS SOME CHALK.

it was the wolf, and they said, "We will not o-pen the door for you. You are not our moth-er; she has a fine, sweet voice, but yours is coarse and harsh; you must be the wolf."

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

So the wolf left them and went to a store, where he bought a large piece of chalk. This he ate to make his voice soft, and then he came back and knocked at the door of the goat's house a-gain.

"O-pen the door, dear young ones," he said; "your moth-er has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

But the wolf had put his black paws on the win-dow sill, and the kids saw them. So they cried, "We will not o-pen the door for you. You are not our moth-er; she has not big, black feet. You must be the wolf."

Then the wolf ran to a ba-ker, and said, "I have hurt my foot; please put some dough on it."

As soon as his foot was cov-ered with



THE WOLF AT THE BAKER'S.

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

dough, he ran to the mil-ler and said, "Put some white flour on my foot."

The mil-ler thought, "The wolf wants to



THE WOLF FRIGHTENS THE MILLER.

play a trick on some one," and he was not go-ing to do it; but the wolf said, "If you don't, I will eat you up."

This put the mil-ler in a fright, so he spread flour on the wolf's feet. Then the bad wolf went a third time to the goat's house, knocked,

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

and said, "O-pen the door, dear young ones; your moth-er has come home, and has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

"Show us your feet first," said the kids,



THE OLD GOAT FINDS HER HOUSE UPSET

that we may know if you are our moth-er or not."

The wolf put his paw on the win-dow sill, and when they saw that it was white, they thought he must be their moth-er, and let him in. Great was their fear when they saw it

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

was the wolf. They ran this way and that way to try to hide. One went un-der the ta-ble, an-oth-er in-to the bed, a third in-to the ov-en, a fourth in-to the cup-board, a fifth un-der the wash-tub, and the sixth in-to the clock-case. But the wolf found them, and ate up all but the young-est one of them,—the one that was hid in the clock-case.

Then the wolf went out, and lay down on the grass beneath a tree and went to sleep.

In a short time the old goat came home. What a sight met her eyes! The door stood wide o-pen, and the whole house was up-set. Not a kid was to be seen; she called each one; but no one spoke till she came to the name



ONE LITTLE KID IS ALL RIGHT.

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

of the young-est, when a weak voice said," Dear moth-er, I am hid in the clock-case."

She helped the young kid out, and heard how the wolf had come and eat-en up all her



THE WOLF IS FOUND ASLEEP ON THE GRASS.

oth-er dear young ones. She wept and wept as if she would nev-er stop. At length she and the kid went out for a walk. When they had gone a few steps they saw the wolf where he lay a-sleep on the grass, snor-ing so loud that he shook the leaves on the trees.

*The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*

The old goat looked at him with care, and thought she could see some-thing move in-side of him. "Can it be," she thought, "that my young ones whom he ate are still a-live?" She at once sent the young kid home for the shears, and with them she cut the wolf o-pen. She had just made a small slit, when one of the kids put his head out. She cut some more, and out it sprang, and then an-oth-er, and an-oth-er, till all were out, as full of life as ev-er; for the wolf had been so gree-dy that he swal-lowed them whole, and did not hurt them a bit. Oh, it was a time of joy! The kids danced and jumped a-bout, they were so full of glee.

But the old goat said to them, "Go and get some stones, and we will put them in-side of this scamp, and sew him up be-fore he wakes."

So the kids ran in great haste, and brought large stones, which they put in-side of the wolf. Then the old goat sewed up the slit, and the wolf did not wake nor move.

When the wolf's sleep was out, he got up, and as the stones gave him a great thirst, he

## *The Wolf and the Six Little Kids.*



THE LITTLE KIDS BRING STONES TO PUT IN MR. WOLF

went to a brook for a drink. As he stooped to drink, the weight of the stones made him fall in the water, and he was drowned.

Then the six young ones gave a shout. "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and they and their mother danced for joy all the way home.

# The Wedding of Mrs. Fox.

## FIRST TALE.

ONCE on a time there was an old fox who had nine tails. One day he took it in-to his head to play a trick on his wife, and by means of it find out how fond she was of him. So he laid him-self out on a bench, and kept as stiff and still as if he were quite dead. Mrs. Fox felt quite sad when she found him, and went to her room and shut her-self in, leav-ing the house in charge of her maid, a young cat.

The news spread that Mr. Fox was dead, and it was not long be-fore there was a knock at the door. The maid went to the door, and saw there a fine young fox, who asked, “Is Mrs. Fox in?”

The maid said, “She is so full of grief for her hus-band, that she stays in her room, and will see no one. If you wish to send word to her, you must tell me what it is.”

*The Wedding of Mrs. Fox.*

"All right," said the fox. "Go and tell her that a young fox has come to woo her."

Up stairs goes the cat, pit-pat! pit-pat! She knocks at the door, rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat!

"Are you there, Mrs. Fox?"



A FINE YOUNG FOX COMES,

AND ASKS "IS MRS. FOX IN?"

"Yes, my dear, good cat," said Mrs. Fox.

"There is a young fox down-stairs, come to woo you."

*The Wedding of Mrs. Fox.*

“What does he look like!” asked Mrs. Fox. “Has he nine fine tails, like my poor dead hus-band?”

“Oh, no” said the maid, “he has but one.”

“Then I will not have him,” said Mrs. Fox.

So the cat went down and sent the fox off; but soon there came a sec-ond at tap the door, from a fox who had *two* tails, and wished to woo Mrs. Fox. His fate was the same as that of the first one.

Then came six more, one at a time, each with one tail more than he who came be-fore him, but they were all sent off. But at last came a fox who had nine fine tails, like the dead one. When Mrs. Fox heard of it, she said, full of joy, to the cat, “Now you may o-pen wide the win-dows and doors, and turn the old fox out of the house.”

But just then the old fox roused from his sleep on the bench, and beat the whole lot of them, his wife and all, till he drove them out of the house.

*The Wedding of Mrs. Fox.*

SECOND TALE.

WHEN old Mr. Fox died, a wolf came to the door and knocked, and the cat, who was maid to Mrs. Fox, went to the door. "Good-day, Miss Cat," he said. "How does it come to pass that you are a-lone? Is Mrs. Fox not at home?"

"She stays in ner room, and nei-ther eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, she is so full of grief for Mr. Fox."

Then the wolf said, "If she would like to wed a sec-ond time, she ought to come down and see me."

So the cat ran up the stairs and through the hall till she came to Mrs. Fox's room. She knocked five times on the door, and asked, "Is Mrs. Fox at home? If so, and she would like to wed a sec-ond time, she must come down-stairs, for a wolf who would woo her is at the door."

Mrs. Fox asked, "Does he wear red stockings, and has he a point-ed nose?"

"No," said the cat.

*The Wedding of Mrs. Fox.*

"Then I will not have him," said Mrs Fox, and she shut the door.

The wolf was sent off, and then there came in turn, a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, and a horse, but they all had the same ill luck.



At last a young fox came, and when Mrs. Fox asked, "Has he red stock-ings and a point-ed nose?" the cat said, "Yes." She was told to let him in and pre-pare for the wed-ding.

Then they threw the old fox out of the door, and the cat caught and ate all the mice she could in hon-or of the glad e-vent. And aft-er the mar-riage they had a grand ball, and for all I know they are dan-cing still.

# The Goose Girl.

THERE once lived an old queen who had one child, a fair, sweet girl. This princess was to wed a king's son who lived a great way off. When the time came, the queen gave her much gold and gems, and a maid to wait on her, and take her to the prince she was to wed. To each she gave a horse to ride, and that of the princess was named Fa-la-da, and could talk.

But the maid was false, and on the way she made the princess get off her horse, and change her rich clothes for her own plain ones. Then by threats that she would kill her if she would not do so, she made the princess take an oath that she would not tell of the change that had been made.

When they came to the end of their ride, the king's son came out to meet them, and took the maid from her horse as if she were his bride that was to be. He led her up the

*The Goose Girl.*

steps, while the true prin-cess was left in the court-yard. The king saw her there, and as he saw how sweet and fair her face was, and how soft and white her hands, he went in haste to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her.

"Oh! I brought her with me to serve me on the road," said the false bride. "Give her some work to do."

The king knew of no work to give her but to help a boy named Karl, whom he had to take care of geese. So the real prin-cess was made a goose girl.

The false bride was in fear that the horse, Fa-la-da, would tell on her, and she soon asked the prince to have it put to death. The prince told a man to kill the horse, but the real prin-cess heard of it, and gave the man a piece of gold to hang the head of the horse in an arch-way through which she used to drive the geese each morn-ing.

The next morn-ing, as she and Karl passed through the arch-way, she said to the head,

*The Goose Girl.*

"O, Fa-la-da, hang-ing high!"

and the head said,

"O, young prin-cess, pass-ing by,  
If thy fate thy moth-er knew,  
Her fond heart would break for you!"

They went on to a field where the geese fed all day, and the prin-cess sat down and be-gan to comb her hair. It looked like pure gold, and Karl wished to pull some of it out. Then the prin-cess sang,

"Blow, blow, wind blow;  
Take Karl's hat in the air;  
And do no let him catch it  
Till I have combed my hair."

A strong wind did take Karl's hat, and he had to run to catch it. When he came back, the hair was all combed and put up. Then Karl was vexed, and would not speak to the goose girl.

The next day the same things took place, and Karl was so vexed that when they reached home, he went to the king and told him how the head of the horse spoke to the goose girl, and how she made the wind blow

*The Goose Girl.*

his hat off and he had to run to catch it. The king told Karl to go with her to the fields next day, and he him-self went and sat in the dark arch and heard what the hor-se's head said.

Then he went aft-er them to the fields, and hid in a bush, and there saw with his own eyes the goose girl and boy drive in their geese, and in a short time t e girl took down her hair, that shone like gold, and he heard her say,

“ Blow, blow, wind, blow;  
Take Karl’s hat in the air;  
And do not let him catch it  
Till I have combed my hair.”

Then the king felt a gust of wind come, which took off Karl’s hat, so that he had to run a long way to catch it; while the goose girl combed out her hair, and put it up in braids, before he could get back.

The king went home, and that night sent for the goose girl, and told her all he had seen and heard, and asked her what it meant.

“ That I dare not tell you,” she said. “ My



THE WIND TAKES KARL'S HAT WHILE THE GOOSE GIRL COMBS HER HAIR.

*The Goose Girl.*

heart is full of woe, but I can tell the cause to no one, for I had to take an oath that I would not do so."

"If you will not tell it to me," said the king, "tell it to that fire-place." And then he left her. The prin-cess crept in the fire-place, and be-gan to weep and pour out her heart. "Here sit I," she said, "the child of a king, yet a false maid took my royal clothes from me, and took my place as bride at the side of the prince, while I must go out and watch the geese. Oh, if my moth-er knew of this it would break her heart!"

But the king had stood near the door and heard all she said. He told her to come out, and had her dressed in rich clothes, and then she was so fair it was a joy to look at her.

The king sent for his son and told him that he had the wrong bride, while the true bride was here, she who had been the goose girl.

The prince was glad when he saw how sweet and good she was, and a great feast

*The Goose Girl.*

was at once laid. The true bride was placed on one side of the prince, and the false one on the oth-er. The false one was so puffed up with pride that she did not know the true one. When all were through at the feast, the king told the tale the prin-cess had told in the fire-place, and then he asked the false bride what should be done to one that had been so wick-ed.

The false bride did not see that it was a trap for her, and she said, "Such a one should be put in a cask with spikes in it, and dragged up and down the streets by hor-ses till she is dead."

"You are that one," said the king, "and as you have said, so shall it be done."

Then the prince wed his true bride, and they lived in great joy and peace.



# Hansel and Gretel.

**O**NCE on a time there dwelt near a large wood, a wood-man, with his wife and two chil-dren, a boy named Han-sel, and a girl named Greth-el. The man was quite poor, the chil-dren's own moth-er was dead, and their step-moth-er did not care for them.

Hard times came when there was no work for the man by which he could earn the means to buy bread. One night, aft-er they had gone to bed, the boy and girl heard their fa-ther and moth-er talk-ing. "What shall we do?" said the fa-ther. "How can we feed the chil-dren when we have not as much as we two need to eat?"

"We must get rid of the chil-dren," said the step-mother. "Let us take them in-to the thick part of the wood in the morn-ing, and there make them a fire, and give each of them a small piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them a-lone, so

*Hansel and Gretel.*

they will not find the way home, and we shall be freed from them."

"No, wife," said he, "that I can not do.



"'WE MUST GET RID OF THE CHILDREN,' SAID THE STEP-MOTHER'

How can you have the heart to leave the poor things in the wood, where the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to bits.'

"Oh, you goose!" said she; "then we must all four die for want of food." And she left

## *Hansel and Gretel.*



HANSEL PICKING UP THE STONES

him no peace till she made him yield.

The boy and girl heard all this, for they had not gone to sleep, as their par-ents thought they had. Greth-el wept, and said to Han-sel, "Oh,

what shall we do?", but Han-sel told her not to cry, for he would look out for her.

And as soon as their par-ents had gone to sleep, he got up, put on his coat, and crept out of doors. The moon was bright, and the small white stones which lay on the path in front of the house shone like pearls. Han-sel went down on his knees, and picked up a lot of them, and put them in his pock-et. Then he went back to Greth-el, and said, "Sleep in peace, dear sis-ter, God will take care of us."

*Hansel and Gretel.*

The next day, as soon as the sun rose, the wife called the two children. "Come," she said, "you must get up at once. We have to go to-day to chop wood."

Then she gave them each a piece of bread, and said, "There is some-thing for your lunch. Don't eat it till it is time, for it is all you will get." Greth-el took the bread, for Han-sel's pock-ets were so full of stones there was no room in them for it, and so they all set out on their way.

As they went on, Han-sel each few steps dropped one of the stones on the path. When they had gone far in-to the wood, the fath-er told the chil-dren to pick up some wood for a fire, so that they should not be cold.

Han-sel and Greth-el picked up quite a large heap of twigs, and the wife set fire to them. As the flames burned high, she said, "Now lie down by the fire and rest, while we go and chop wood. When it is time to go home, I will come and call you."

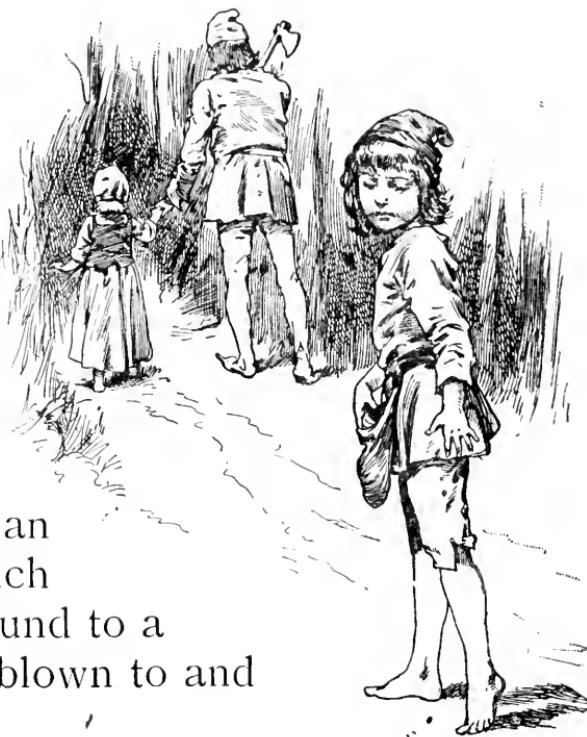
Han-sel and Greth-el sat down by the fire,

## *Hansel and Gretel.*

and when it was noon each ate the piece of bread. They could hear a sound like blows of an axe, and thought their fa-ther must be near; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind.

At last they fell a-sleep. When they woke up it was quite dark, and Greth-el be-gan to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Han-sel tried to com-fort her by say-ing, "Wait a while till the moon comes up, and then we will find the way in a short time."

The moon soon shone forth, and then Han-sel took his sis-ter's hand, and traced his



HANSEL DROPPING THE STONES.

### *Hansel and Gretel.*

way by the stones he had dropped on the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their fa-ther's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife o-pened it, and saw them, she cried out, "You bad chil-dren, why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you would never come home!" But the fa-ther was glad, for it had made him feel sore at heart to leave them in the wood.

The times grew worse and worse, and soon the chil-dren heard their moth-er say to their fa-ther, "All is gone a-gain. We have but half a loaf left, and then we must starve.

The chil-dren must go; we will take them deeper in-to the wood, so that they may not find the way out this time. It is the



*Hansel and Gretel.*

on-ly way we can es-cape death our-selves."

But the man felt sad, and thought, "It would be bet-ter to share the last crust with the chil-dren." But his wife would not give in to him, and in the end she had her way.

The chil-dren had heard all this as they lay a-wake in bed; and as soon as the man and his wife went to sleep, Han-sel got up. He meant to pick up some more of the small stones; but the wife had locked the door, and he could not get out. Still he tried to com-fort Greth-el, say-ing, "Do not cry; sleep in peace; the good God will not for-sake us."

At sun-rise the wife came and made them get up, and gave each a slice of bread which was small-er than the first piece. On the way, Han-sel broke his in his pock-et, and now and then dropped a crumb on the path.

The chil-dren were led deep in-to the wood, to a part in which they had nev-er been be-fore. A big fire was made, and the wife said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a while. We must chop wood, but in the eve-

*Hansel and Gretel.*

ning, when we are through, we will come for you."

When noon came, Greth-el shared her bread with Han-sel, who had strewn all his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the eve-ning came, and still they were left alone. In the dark night, they woke up, and Han-sel said to Greth-el, "On-ly wait, Greth-el, till the moon comes out; then we shall see the crumbs of bread I have dropped, and they will show us the way home."

The moon shone, and they got up, but they could see no crumbs, for the flocks of birds that had flown a-bout in the woods and fields had picked them all up. "We shall soon find the way;"



GRETHEL SHARES HER BREAD  
WITH HANSEL.

*Hansel and Gretel.*

Han-sel kept say-ing to Greth-el; but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, and still they did not come out of the wood. They were weak for want of food, for they had noth-ing to eat but a few ber-ries which they found on a bush. Soon they got too tired to drag them-selves a-long, so they lay down at the foot of a tree and went to sleep.

The third day since they left home came, and still they walked on, but they on-ly got deep-er in the wood, and Han-sel saw that if help did not come soon they must die. But just then they saw a snow-white bird that sat on a bough, and sang a sweet song. It soon left off, and spread its wings, and flew a-way. The chil-dren went after it till they came to a small house, on the roof of which the bird perched. When they went up close to it, they saw that the house was made of bread and cakes. This was a fine treat for the hungry boy and girl, and each broke off a piece of the house, and began to eat.

All at once an old wo-man o-pened the

*Hansel and Gretel.*



"ALL AT ONCE AN OLD WOMAN OPENED THE DOOR."

door and came out. The chil-dren were in such a fright that they let fall what they had in their hands, but the old wo-man said, "Ah, you dear chil-dren, what has brought you

*Hansel and Gretel.*

here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall come to you;" and as she said this she took them both by the hand, and led them in-to the house.

There she gave them a fine meal of milk, cakes, fruit, and nuts; and when they were through, put them to bed in a nice room with two small beds in it, in which the children lay down and thought they were in heav-en.

The old wom-an was kind to them at first, but in truth she was a witch who caught chil-dren to eat them, and had built the bread house to serve as a trap for them. The next morn-ing she came and looked at them as they slept, and mum-bled to her-self, "They will make a nice bite for me."

Then she took up Han-sel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a small room



THE OLD WITCH

*Hansel and Gretel.*

that had a barred door,  
like a cage.  
He cried loudly, but it was  
of no use.

Next she shook Greth-el, and said, "Get up, you la-z-y thing, and fetch some wa-ter to cook some food for your brother, who must stay in that cage and get fat. When he is as fat as he ought to be, I shall eat him."



"THEY WILL MAKE A NICE BITE FOR ME!"

Greth-el be-gan to cry, too, but it did no good, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for

## *Hansel and Gretel.*



HANSEL IN THE CAGE

Han-sel, but Greth-el got noth-ing but crabs' claws.

Each morn-ing the old witch came to the cage and said, "Han-sel, stick out your fin-ger, so that

I may see if you are fat yet." But Han-sel used to stick out a bone, and the old witch, who had poor sight, took it for his fin-ger, and thought

it strange that he was so lean.

When four weeks had passed, and Han-sel still kept quite lean, she got tired of wait-ing, and said she would have him for din-ner next day, fat or lean. The chil-dren be-gan to cry, but the old witch told them to be still. "Leave off that noise," she said, "it will not help you a bit."



GRETHEL HAS TO FETCH WATER.

*Hansel and Gretel.*

Next morn-ing she made Greth-el fill the great pot with wa-ter, and make a fire.



GRETEL PUSHES THE WITCH INTO THE OVEN.

"First we will bake, though," said the old witch. "The o-ven is al-ready hot, and I

*Hansel and Gretel.*

nave made the bread." She pushed poor Greth-el up to the ov-en, in which there was a fierce fire. "Creep in," she cried, "and see if it is hot e-nough, and then we will put in the bread." She meant when Greth-el got in to shut up the o-ven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Han-sel.

But Greth-el knew what she wished to do, and said, "I don't know how to do it. How can I creep in?"

"What a goose you are," said the old witch, "the door is large e-nough. Look here, I can get in my-self;" and she crawled up and stuck her head in the ov-en. A bright thought came to Greth-el. She gave the old witch a push, and she fell in-to the ov-en. Then Greth-el shut the door and drew the bolt.

How the old witch did howl! But Greth-el ran to the cage and let her broth-er out. "O, Han-sel! we are free," she said, "the old witch is dead."

As soon as the door was o-pened, Han-sel sprang out from the cage like a bird, and

*Hansel and Gretel.*

they were so glad that they threw their arms round each oth-er's neck, and kissed each oth-er, and ran a-bout for joy.



RIDING ACROSS THE WATER ON A DUCK'S BACK

They went through the house, and in each cor-ner stood chests of gold and pearls. "These are bet-ter than the small white stones," said Han-sel, as he filled his pock-ets with all that they could hold.

*Hansel and Gretel.*

"I will take some home too," said Greth-el, and she filled her a-pron.

"Now we must go," said Han-sel, "and get out of this be-witched wood."

When they had walked for two hours, they came to a large piece of wa-ter. "How shall we cross?" said Han-sel. "I see no bridge of an-y kind."

"There are no boats, ei-ther," said Greth-el, "But there swims a white duck. I will ask her to help us to cross. "O, lit-tle white duck, let poor Han-sel and Greth-el ride a-cross the wa-ter on your back!" said she.

The duck swam up to them, and Han-sel sat down on his back, and told his sis-ter to sit be-hind. But she said, "No, that would be too much for the duck. She must take one of us at a time."

The good lit-tle duck did so, and when they had walked a short time on the oth-er side, they came at last to a part of the wood which they knew. They went on and on, and at last came in sight of their fa-ther's house.

*Hansel and Gretel.*



A JOYFUL MEETING.

Then they be-gan to run, and burst-ing in-to the room, threw their arms round their fa-ther's neck.

The poor man had not had one happy hour since he left his chil-dren in the wood, and aft-er he he had lost them, his wife died too.

Greth-el shook her a-pron, and the pearls and gems rolled out on the floor, and Hansel drew hand-ful aft-er hand-ful from his pock-et. Their sor-row was now at an end, and they lived in great peace and joy.

## Mr. Korbes.

ONCE on a time a cock and a hen thought they would like to go on a short trip. So the cock built a nice cart with four red wheels, and hitched up four mice to it. Then he and the hen took their seats in it, and off they drove.

They had not gone far when they met a cat, who said he would like to know where they were bound for.

"We mean to make a call on Mr. Korbes," said the cock.

"Take me with you," said the cat.

"All right," said the cock. "You may sit in the back part of the cart, but take care you do not scratch my red wheels." And then he cried out, "Now turn fast, lit-tle wheels, and race on lit-tle mice, or we shall be too late to find Mr. Korbes at home."

But they did not get on at all fast, for they stopped first to take in a mill-stone, then an

*Mr. Korbes.*

egg, then a duck, then a pin, and, last of all,  
a nee-dle.



ON THE ROAD TO MR. KORBES'S.

When they did reach the house of Mr. Korbes he was not at home. The mice drew the cart in the shed; the cock and hen flew up on a beam; the cat sat by the hearth; the

*Mr. Korbes.*

duck on the well-curb; the egg wrapped it-self in the tow-el; the pin stuck, point up, in a chair; the nee-dle went in the bed; and the mill-stone laid it-self up o-ver the door.

Soon Mr. Korbes came home. He went to the hearth to make a fire, but the cat threw coal-dust in his eyes. He ran to the well to wash them, but there the duck threw wa-ter at him.

Then he went to dry his face, but as he took up the tow-el, the egg burst, and flew in his eyes, and stuck them fast like glue.

So much ill luck made him feel tired, so he sat down in his chair to rest, but the pin stuck in him and he sprang up in a great rage.

He threw him-self on the bed, but as soon as his head touched the pil-low the point of the nee-dle pricked him so that he gave a shout of pain, and in great wrath ran to the door to leave the house. But just as he reached the door, the mill-stone fell on his head and killed him on the spot.

Do you not think Mr. Korbes must have been a bad man.

# King Roughbeard.

THERE was once a prin-cess who was ver-y fair, but so proud that she thought no man was good e-nough to be her hus-band. Kings and kings' sons came to woo her, but she met them with scorn, and made game of them all.

Once the king, her fa-ther, gave a feast to which he asked all the young men he knew who were fit to be the huś-band of a prin-cess. When they came they were set in a row, and the prin-cess was led down the line to make a choice; but she laughed at each one in turn. The one that she made the most fun of was a good young king, whom she nick-named King Rough-beard, be-cause his chin was not straight, and he had a rough beard.

Her fa-ther was an-gry with her; and when she sent the young men all a-way, told her she should have to mar-ry the first tramp

*King Roughbeard.*

that came to the gate. The next day, a tramp, who sang in the streets for what people would give him, came to the gate. The king called him in, and sent for the princess, and in spite of her tears made her marry the street sing-er, and then turned them both out of the house.

So the tramp led her off with him, and she had to trudge a-long the road on foot. When they reached the next king-dom, which was that of the prince she had called King Rough-beard, she sighed and wept, and said, "Oh that I had but mar-ried King Rough-beard when he wished me to!"

The tramp grew cross at this, and said, "Stop that! It does not please me that you should wish you had mar-ried some one else. Am I not good e-nough for you?"

By and by they came to a small, mean hut, and there they stopped. "This is my house," said the tramp, and then the prin-cess wished a-gain that she had mar-ried King Rough-beard.

The tramp told her she must keep house

*King Roughbeard.*



"THIS IS MY HOUSE." SAID THE TRAMP

and cook the meals for him; but the princess had not learned how to do these things, and her hus-band had to do them him-self.

At length he told her she must earn some-  
thing, and he set her at work mak-ing bas-

*King Roughbeard.*

kets, but her hands were too soft to bend the hard twigs. Then he told her to spin, but the coarse thread cut her fingers and made them bleed. When he saw this, he sent her to the market with a lot of pots and pans to sell.

Her pride made this a hard task for the princess, but she was so fair to look at that folks bought from her. One day, though, a drunk-en sol-dier rode down the street on his horse, and plunged right in-to the midst of her wares, and broke the whole of them.

"I see you are not fit for such work," said her hus-band. "But I will try one thing more. I have heard that they need a maid in the king's kitch-en, and I will try to get the place for you."

They took the prin-cess for maid in the king's kitch-en, and for pay she had to take home the scraps of food that were left.

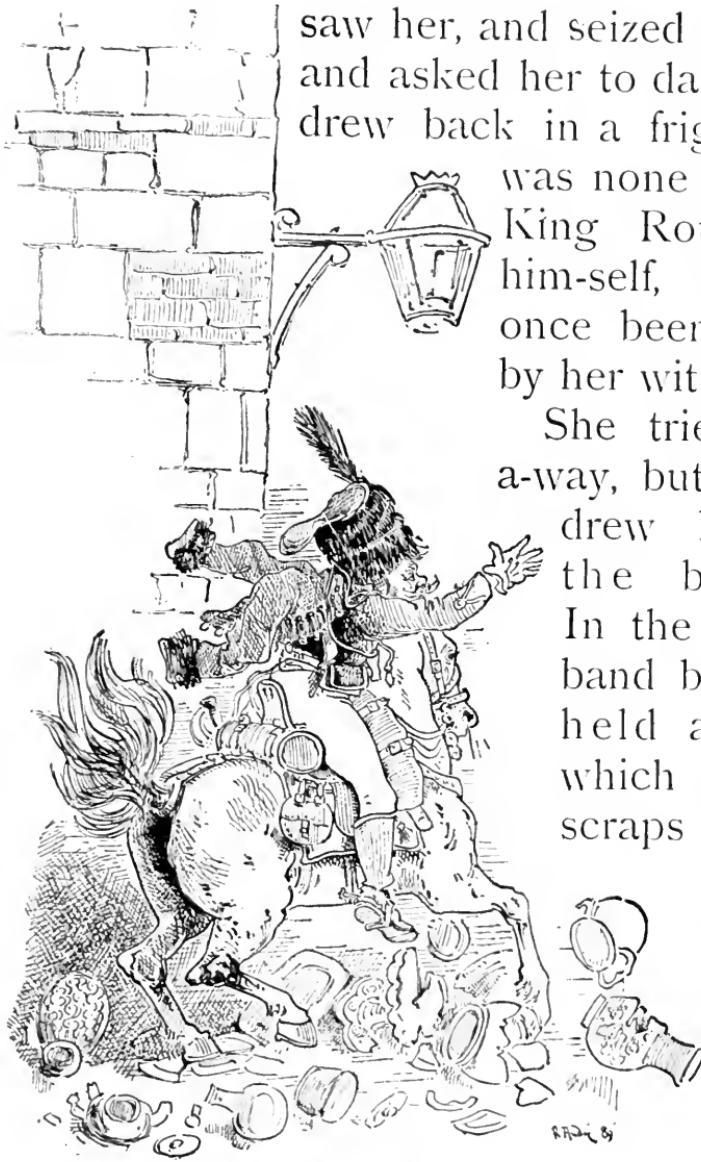
She had not been there long when the king gave a grand ball. The poor prin-cess went up-stairs to look at the guests from behind the door. As she stood there, the king

*King Roughbeard.*

saw her, and seized her hand, and asked her to dance. She drew back in a fright, for it

was none else than King Rough-beard him-self, who had once been re-fused by her with scorn.

She tried to get a-way, but the king drew her in-to the ball-room. In the strife the band broke that held a bag in which were her scraps of food, and they were all thrown out on the ball-room floor.



THE DRUNKEN SOLDIER.

*King Roughbeard.*

She heard all the guests laugh, and rushed from the room in shame. On the steps a man caught her, and brought her back. When she looked at him, she saw it was King Rough-beard a-gain.

He looked at her kind-ly and said, "Do not fear. I and the tramp whom you mar-ried are one. My love for you led me to dis-guise my-self. I was al-so the rude sol-dier that broke your wares. All this has been done to cure you of your pride."

The prin-cess wept, and said, "I have done a great wrong, and am not wor-thy to be your wife."

But the king said, "Do not weep. Those sad days are at an end; now we will have our wed-ding feast."

Then the maids came and dressed her in rich robes, and she was led out to meet her fa-ther, who had come with his whole court to wish her joy. Thus her tri-als came to an end, and nev-er a-gain was she proud or haugh-ty.

# The Old Man and his Grandson.

ONCE there was an old, old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears deaf, and his hands shook so that he could not guide his food to his mouth, but what he held was spilled on the ta-ble and on his clothes. His son and his son's wife were ill pleased at this, and at last they made him sit in a corner, and eat out of an earth-en dish.

Once his poor old hands could not hold e-ven the dish, and it fell to the floor and broke. Then the wife scold-ed, and they bought him a dish of wood, and gave him his meals in that.

One day as they sat at the ta-ble, their four-year-old boy brought in some small boards and tried to nail them to-ge-th-er. "What do you wish to make?" asked the fa-ther.

*The Old Man and his Grandson.*

"A lit-tle trough for you and moth-er to eat out of when I grow big," said the child.

The man and his wife looked at each oth-



THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

er a while, and then be-gan to cry. The child had taught them a les-son. Aft-er this the old man came to the ta-ble, and not a word was said e-ven if he did spill some of his food on the cloth.



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